

Sir *Thomas Browne's*
RELIGIO MEDICI:

OR, THE
CHRISTIAN RELIGION,
A S
Professed by a PHYSICIAN;
Freed from PRIEST-CRAFT
AND THE
JARGON of SCHOOLS.

A COELO SALUS.

THE TENTH EDITION.

L O N D O N:

Printed for E. CURLL, at *Pope's Head*, in *Rose-Street*, *Covent Garden*. 1736.

Price 1 s. 6 d.

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SOME
ACCOUNT
OF THE
AUTHOR.

THE excellent Writer now before Us, was Eldest Son of *Thomas Browne*, Merchant, of an Ancient and Worthy Family at *Upton* in *Cheshire*.

He was Born in the Parish of *St. Michael*, in *Cheapside*, *London*, on the 19th of *October*, 1605. His Father dying while he was very Young, left Him a Plentiful Fortune; his Mother's Thirds were 3000 *l*. She by a Second Marriage with the Honourable Sir *Thomas Dutton*, Bart. (as he was Possessed of several considerable Places in the Kingdom of *Ireland*) was obliged to consign her Son wholly to the Care of his Guardians, who sent him to be Educated in Grammar Learning at the famous School, founded by *William* of *Wykeham*, near *Winchester*. He was entered a Commoner at *Broadgate's-Hall*, soon after known by the Name of *Pembroke-College*, *Oxon*, in the Year 1623. Took his Degrees in Arts 1626. Entered on the Pyhsic-Line, and Practised that Faculty for some Time in *Oxfordshire*.

He laid hold of the Opportunity of seeing *Ireland*, by accompanying his Father-in-Law in a Visitation of the Forts and Castles of that Kingdom. Afterwards he Travelled beyond the Seas, lived some Time at *Montpelier* and *Padua*, took the Degree of Doctor of Pyhsic at *Leyden*; and at his Return, he was Incorporated a Member of the University of *Oxford*, 1637; about which Time, through the Persuasion of Mr. *Thomas*

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Lushington, his Tutor, he went to settle in the City of *Norwich*, and was greatly resorted to for his admirable Skill in Physic, which he Practised with great Success *.

In the Year 1642, He Published a correct Edition of *RELIGIO MEDICI*, which he was forced to, through the spurious Impressions which had got Abroad.

In the Year 1646, He obliged the World with that learned Work, intituled, *Pseudodoxia Epidemica*: ENQUIRIES into very many received TENETS and commonly presumed TRUTHS: Or, ENQUIRIES into VULGAR ERRORS. *Folio.*

In the Year 1658, Came out his *HYDRIOTAPHIA*: Or, Discourse of *Urn-Burial*. With the *Garden of CYRUS*, &c.

He was not only an Honour to his own Country, but held in the greatest Esteem by the most learned Men of his Time, both at Home and Abroad. He was greatly Assistant to Sir *William Dugdale* in the Publication of his Learned Labours, particularly that curious Piece of the *IMBANKING and DRAINING of FENS*, 1662.

Not long after This, The College of *Physicians*, *London*, chose him, by *DIPLOMA*, an Honorary-Fellow of their Society. And the King making a Tour over some Parts of *England*, and coming to *Norwich*, Dignified Him with the Title of Knight-hood, 1671.

This great and good Man, Died at his House at *Norwich* on the 19th Day of *October*, (the Day of his Birth) 1682, in the 77th Year of his Age, and was Buried in the Church of *St. Peter Mancroft*, in that City; where a Beautiful Marble Monument is erected to his Memory.

He had Issue Ten Children by his surviving only Wife, *Mrs. Dorothy Mileham*, a Gentlewoman of a very considerable Family in the County of *Norfolk*.

* See *Ant. à Wood's Athen. Oxon.* Vol. 2. p. 535.

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In the Year 1684, Dr. *Thomas Tenison*, Rector of *St. Martin* in the Fields, Published a Collection of MISCELLANY TRACTS from the Original Manuscripts of our Author.

In the Year 1712, *John Hare*, Esq; Richmond Herald, Published, likewise, from his Original Manuscripts, (given him by *Owen Brigstock*, Esq; Grandson by Marriage, to Sir *Thomas Browne*,) some other *Posthumous Pieces*; the most considerable of which was, REPERTORIUM: Or, *The Antiquities of the Cathedral Church of NORWICH*.

In the Year 1716, Mrs. *Littelton*, Daughter of Sir *Thomas Browne*, Printed, from her Father's Original Manuscript, at *Cambridge*, A small Piece, intituled, CHRISTIAN MORALS. These *Morals* are founded upon the Principles laid down in *Religio Medici*: The Work is Dedicated to the Right Honourable DAVID Earl of *Buchan*, &c. To Conclude, The WORKS of Sir *Thomas Browne* (except his REPERTORIUM and MORALS) were Collected into One Volume, *Folio*, in the Year 1686.

He was likewise the Author of a Treatise intituled, *De Lucis causâ & Origine*, in a Letter to *Isaac Vossius*, with whom he had a Dispute upon that Subject: Printed at *Amsterdam*, 1663. He also criticised on *Vossius's* Work, *De Natura & Proprietate Lucis*, wherein he strongly maintains *Des Cartes's* Hypothesis. He also wrote an Apology for the *Cartesian* Philosophy, in Opposition to the Reverend Mr. *Vogelsang*.

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Opposite to her Husband's, is Another Monument;

SACRED

To the Memory of the Lady

Dorothy Browne, of *Norwich*,

In the County of *Norfolk*.

She Died *Febr. 24, 1685.*

In the Sixty-Third Year of her Age.

Reader, thou may'st believe This pious Stone,

It is not common Dust Thou tread'st upon;

Tis hallow'd Earth, all that is left below,

Of what the World admir'd and honour'd too.

The Prison of a Bright Celestial Mind,

Too spacious to be longer here confin'd;

Which after all that Virtue could inspire,

Or unaffected Piety require:

In all the Noblest Offices of Life,

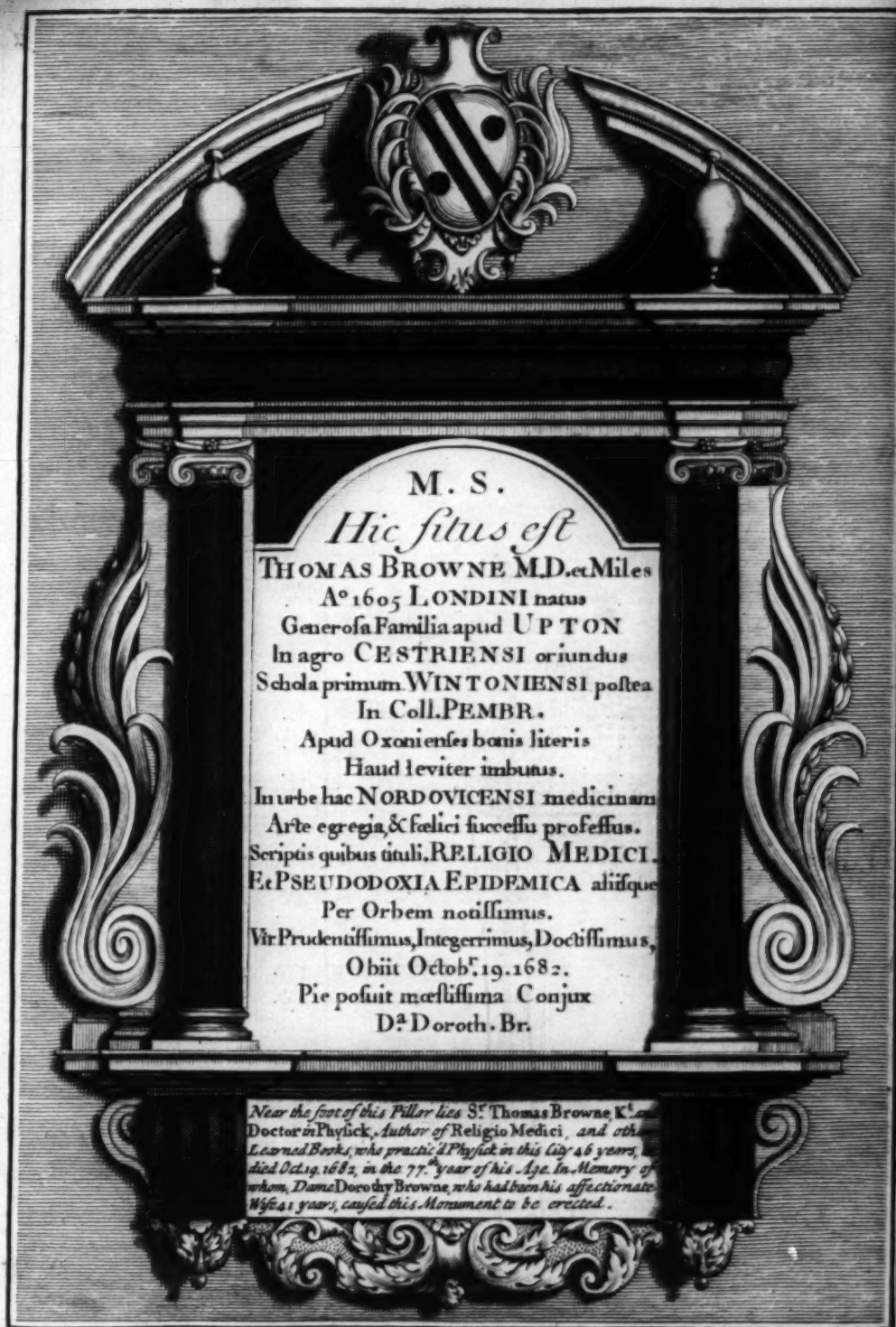
Of Tend'rest Benefactress, Mother, Wife,

To Those serene Abodes above is flown,

To be adorn'd with an Immortal Crown.

The Remains of This Virtuous Lady were a Son, and a Daughter; *Edward* and *Elizabeth*. The Son succeeded in his Father's Profession; and the Daughter married Mr. *Littelton*, a Gentleman of great Worth and Honour. The only Daughter of Dr. *Edward Browne* Married *Owen Brigstocke*, Esq; before-mentioned, to whom the Public stand indebted for Sir *Thomas Browne's* Antiquities of *Norwich*, and the other Pieces contained in that Volume.

T H E



To the Reverend
 Arch Deacon
 Nephew to my
 This Plate is most

EDW. TENISON LL.B.
 of Carmarthen
 Lady BROWNE
 humbly inscrib'd.



J. Sturt sculp.



T H E C O N T E N T S.

- § 1. **T**H^O Physicians are generally accounted Atheists, yet the Author confesses himself a Christian, without bearing the least Hatred to any other Religion.
- § 2. The Protestant is the Religion he professes, and shews the Necessity of a Reformation.
- § 3. His Reasons for not professing the Romish Religion.
- § 4. That there have been several Reformers, and what Steps should be taken to reform it.
- § 5. Of the Religion of the Church of England, and of indifferent Things, for which none ought to be blamed who dissent from it.
- § 6. In what Manner we ought to dispute of dubious Matters; the Method of resolving those Doubts; and of Heresies in general.
- § 7. The Author accused, of maintaining Three different Heresies.
- § 8. Of the Quarrels and Disputes on Account of Religion.
- § 9. Of the Mysteries in Religion.
- § 10. Of Faith.
- § 11. Of God and his Attributes; of Eternity and Predestination.
- § 12. Of the Unity in the Trinity, and the invisible Word.
- § 13, 14. Of Divine Wisdom, and how it ought to be considered.
- § 15. Of the wonderful Mechanism in God's Creation of the World.
- § 16. Of Nature, and the natural Knowledge of God.
- § 17, 18. Of Divine Providence, and of Fortune.
- § 19. Of the Devil's Subtilty to seduce Mankind to Atheism.
- § 20. That there never was an Atheist.
- § 21. In what Degree some profess Atheism; we ought not to be too easy in Things Divine; some doubtful Questions among Divines.
- § 22. Whether the Deluge was Universal. How wild Beasts came into America, and other Mysteries.
- § 23. Of the Holy-Scripture, and the Alcoran.
- § 24. That there are too many Books.
- § 25. That the Jews were much addicted to change of Worship, as well as the present Christians; whether both shall be united into one Flock at last. Of Persecution and Martyrdom.
- § 26. That all those who dye for the Sake of Religion, are not Martyrs.
- § 27. Of Miracles.
- § 28. Of the Relicks of the Heathens.
- § 29. Of the Cessation of Oracles.
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- § 31. Of natural Magic, shewing that Ghosts and Angels have revealed many Things to us.
- § 32. Of Spirit, or the Soul of the World.
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RELIGIO MEDICI.

§ 1. **F**OR my Religion, though there be several Circumstances that might persuade the World I have none at all; as the general Scandal of my Profession; the natural Course of my Studies; the Indifference of my Behaviour and Discourse in Matters of Religion; neither violently defending One, nor with that common Ardour and Contention opposing Another; yet in Despite hereof, I dare, without Usurpation, assume the honourable Stile of a Christian. Not that I meerly owe this Title to the Font, my Education, or Climate wherein I was born, as being bred up either to confirm those Principles my Parents instilled into my Understanding, or by a general Consent proceed in the Religion of my Country: But having in my riper Years and confirmed Judgment, seen and examined All, I find myself obliged by the Principles of Grace, and the Law of my own Reason, to embrace no other Name but This: Neither doth my Zeal herein so far make me forget the general Charity I owe unto Humanity, as rather to hate than pity *Turks*, *Infidels* (and what is worse) *Jews*; rather contenting myself to enjoy that happy Stile, than maligning those who refuse so glorious a Title.

§ 2. But because the Name of a Christian is become too general to express our Faith, there being a Geography of Religions as well as Lands, and every Climate distinguished not only by their Laws and Limits, but circumscribed by their Doctrines and Rules of Faith; to be particular, I am of that Reformed new cast Religion, wherein I dislike nothing but the

B

Name;

Name; of the same Belief our Saviour taught, the Apostles disseminated, the Fathers authorized, and the Martyrs confirmed, but by the sinister Ends of Princes, the Ambition and Avarice of Prelates, and the fatal Corruption of Times, so decayed, impaired, and fallen from its native Beauty, that it requireth the careful and charitable Hands of these Times to restore it to its primitive Integrity. Now the accidental Occasion whereupon, the slender Means whereby the low and abject Condition of the Person by whom so good a Work was set on Foot, which in our Adversaries beget Contempt and Scorn, fills me with Wonder, and is the very same Objection the insolent Pagans first cast at Christ and his Disciples.

§ 3. Yet have I not so shaken Hands with those desperate Resolvers, who had rather venture at large their decayed Bottom, than to bring her in to be new trimmed in the Dock; who had rather promiscuously retain all, than abridge any, and obstinately be what they are, than what they have been, as to stand in Diameter and Sword's Point with them: We have reformed From them, not Against them; for omitting those Improperations, and Terns of Scurrility betwixt us, which only difference our Affections, and not our Cause, there is between us one common Name and Appellation, one Faith and necessary Body of Principles common to us both, and therefore I am not scrupulous to converse and live with them, to enter their Churches in Defect of ours, and either pray with them, or for them: I could never perceive any rational Consequence from those many Texts which prohibit the Children of *Israel* to pollute themselves with the Temples of the Heathens; we being all Christians, and not divided by such detested Impieties as might profane our Prayers, or the Place wherein we make them; or that a resolved Conscience may not adore her Creator any where, especially in Places devoted to his Service; where if their Devotions

votions offend him, mine may please him; if theirs profane it, mine may hallow it: Holy-water and Crucifix (dangerous to the common People) deceive not my Judgment, nor abuse my Devotion at all: I am, I confess, naturally inclined to that, which misguided Zeal terms Superstition: My common Conversation I do acknowledge austere, my Behaviour full of Rigour, sometimes not without Morosity; yet at my Devotion I love to use the Civility of my Knee, my Hat, and Hand, with all those outward and sensible Motions which may express or promote my invisible Devotion. I should violate my own Arm rather than a Church, nor willingly deface the Name of Saint, or Martyr. At the Sight of a Cross or Crucifix I can dispense with my Hat, but scarce with the Thought or Memory of my Saviour: I cannot laugh at, but rather pity the fruitless Journies of Pilgrims, or condemn the miserable Condition of Fryars; for though misplaced in Circumstances, there is something in it of Devotion. I could never hear the *Ave-maria* * Bell without an Elevation, or think it a sufficient Warrant, because they erred in one Circumstance, for me to err in all, that is, in silence and dumb Contempt; whilst therefore they direct their Devotions to her, I offer mine to God, and rectify the Errors of their Prayers, by rightly ordering my own: At a solemn Procession I have wept abundantly, while my Conforts, blind with Opposition and Prejudice, have fallen into an Excess of Scorn and Laughter: There are questionless both in *Greek, Roman, and African* Churches, Solemnities and Ceremonies, whereof the wiser Zeals do make a Christian Use, and stand condemned by us, not as Evil in themselves, but as Al-

* A Bell that tolls every Day at 6 and 12 of the Clock; at the hearing whereof, every one in what Place soever, either of the House or Street, betakes himself to his Prayer, which is commonly directed to the Virgin. This Custom is not only among the *Papists*, but the *Lutherans*; but these do not direct their Prayers to the Virgin.

lurements and Baits of Superstition to those vulgar Heads that look askint on the Face of Truth, and those unstable Judgments that cannot resist in the narrow Point and Center of Virtue without a Reel, or Stagger to the Circumference.

§ 4. As there are many Reformers, so likewise many Reformatiōns; every Country proceeding in a particular Way and Method, according as their national Interest, together with our Constitution and Climate, inclined them; some Angrily, and with Extremity; others Calmly, and with Mediocrity, not rending but easily dividing the Community, and leaving an honest possibility of a Reconciliation; which though peaceable Spirits do desire, and may conceive that Revolution of Time, and the Mercies of God may effect, yet that Judgment that shall consider the present Antipathies between the two Extreāms, the Contrarieties in Condition, Affection and Opinion, may with the same Hopes expect an Union in the Poles of Heaven.

§ 5. But to difference myself nearer, and draw in to a lesser Circle: There is no Church, whose every Part so squares unto my Conscience; whose Articles, Constitutions, and Customs, seem so consonant unto Reason, and as it were framed to my particular Devotion, as this whereof I hold my Belief, the Church of *England*, to whose Faith I am a sworn Subject; and therefore in a double Obligation subscribe unto her Articles, and endeavour to observe her Constitutions: Whatsoever is beyond, as Points indifferent, I observe according to the Rules of my private Reason, or the Humour and Fashion of my Devotion; neither believing This, because *Luther* affirmed it, or disproving That, because *Calvin* hath disavouched it. I condemn not all Things in the Council of *Trent*, nor approve all in the Synod of *Dort*. In brief, where the Scripture is silent, the Church is my Text; where that speaks, it is but my Comment: Where there is a joint
Silence

Silence of both, I borrow not the Rules of my Religion from *Rome* or *Geneva*, but the Dictates of my own Reason. It is an unjust Scandal of our Adversaries, and a gross Error in ourselves, to compute the Nativity of our Religion from *Henry* the *Eighth*, who though he rejected the Pope, refused not the Faith of *Rome*, and effected no more than what his Predecessors desired and assayed in Ages past, and was conceived the State of *Venice* would have attempted in our Days. It is as uncharitable a Point in us to fall upon those popular Scurrilities and opprobrious Scoffs of the Bishop of *Rome*, to whom as Temporal Prince, we owe the Duty of good Language: I confess there is a Cause of Passion between us; by his Sentence I stand Excommunicated, Heretick is the best Language he affords me; yet can no Ear witness, I ever returned him the Name of Antichrist, Man of Sin, or Whore of *Babylon*. It is the Method of Charity to suffer without Reaction: Those usual Satires, and Invectives of the Pulpit, may perchance produce a good Effect on the Vulgar, whose Ears are opener to Rhetorick than Logick; yet do they in no wise confirm the Faith of wiser Believers, who know that a good Cause needs not to be pleaded by Passion, but can sustain it self upon a temperate Dispute.

§ 6. I could never divide myself from any Man upon the Difference of an Opinion, or be angry with his Judgment, for not agreeing with me in That, from which within a few Days I should dissent myself. I have no Genius to Disputes in Religion, and have often thought it Wisdom to decline them, especially upon a Disadvantage, or when the Cause of Truth might suffer in the Weakness of my Patronage. Where we desire to be informed, it is good to contest with Men above ourselves; but to confirm and establish our Opinions, it is best to argue with Judgments below our own, that the frequent Spoils and Victories over their Reasons, may settle in ourselves

an Esteem and confirmed Opinion of our own. Every Man is not a proper Champion for Truth, nor fit to take up the Gantlet in the Cause of Verity: Many from the Ignorance of these Maxims, and an inconsiderate Zeal unto Truth, have too rashly charged the Troops of Error, and remain as Trophies unto the Enemies of Truth: A Man may be in as just Possession of Truth as of a City, and yet be forced to surrender; it is therefore far better to enjoy her with Peace, than to hazard her on a Battle: If therefore there rise any Doubts in my Way, I do forget them, or at least defer them, till my better settled Judgment, and more manly Reason be able to resolve them; for I perceive every Man's own Reason is his best *Œdipus* *, and will upon a reasonable Truce, find a Way to loose those Bonds wherewith the Subtleties of Error have incained our more flexible and tender Judgments. In Philosophy, where Truth seems double-faced, there is no Man more Paradoxical than myself; but in Divinity, I love to keep the Road; and though not in an implicit, yet an humble Faith, follow the great Wheel of the Church, by which I move; not reserving any proper Poles or Motion from the Epicycle of my own Brain; by this Means I have no Gap for Heresy, Schisms, or Errors, of which at present I hope I shall not injure Truth to say, I have no Taint or Tincture: I must confess, my greener Studies have been polluted with Two or Three, not any begotten in the latter Centuries, but old and obsolete, such as could never have been revived, but by such extravagant and irregular Heads as mine; for, indeed, Heresies perish not with their

* It is reported, that there was a strange Animal near *Thebes*, called *Sphinx*, which offered a certain Riddle to be explained to every one who passed that Way, and those who could not explain it were torn in Pieces by that Animal. *OEdipus* went to this Place, and discovered the Meaning of the Riddle, and made it publick, whence cometh this Proverb, *Davus sum, non OEdipus*.

Authors, but like the River *Arcthusa* †, though they lose their Currents in one Place, they rise up again in another: One general Council is not able to extirpate one single Heresy; it may be cancelled for the present, but Revolution of Time, and the like Aspects from Heaven, will restore it, when it will flourish till it be condemned again. For as though there were *Metempsychosis*, and the Soul of one Man passed into another; Opinions do find, after certain Revolutions, Men and Minds like those that first begat them. To see ourselves again, we need not look for || *Plato's* Year: Every Man is not only himself; there hath been many *Diogenes's* *, and as many *Timons* **, though but few of that Name; Men are lived over again, the World is now as it was in Ages past; there was none then, but there hath been some one since that parallels him, and, as it were, his revived self.

§ 7. Now the first of mine was that of the *Arabians*, That the Souls of Men perished with their Bodies, but should yet be raised again at the last Day: Not that I did absolutely conceive a Mortality of the Soul; but if that were, which Faith, not Philosophy, hath yet thoroughly disproved, and that both entred the Grave together, yet I held the same Conceit thereof, that we all do for the Body, that it rise again. Surely it is but the Merits of our unworthy Natures, if we sleep in Darkness until the last Alarm. A serious Reflex upon my own Unworthiness did make me backward from challenging this Prerogative of my Soul; so that I might enjoy my Saviour at the last, I could

† This River is in *Sicily*, near the City of *Syracusa*, but *Ferrarius* says that it is entirely dried up. See what *Strabo* in the 6th Book says of it, and *Virgil* in the 3d Book of his *Æneis*.

|| A Revolution of certain thousand Years, when all Things should return unto their former Estate, and he be teaching again in his School as when he delivered this Opinion.

* The Life of *Diogenes* is to be found in *Laertius*.

** The extraordinary Inhumanity of *Timon* the *Athenian*, is to be found in *Lucian*, *Aristophanes*, *Plato*, and many other Authors.

with Patience be nothing almost unto Eternity. The second was that of *Origen*, That God would not persist in his Vengeance for ever; but after a definite Time of his Wrath, he would release the damned Souls from Torture: Which Error I fell into, upon a serious Contemplation of the great Attribute of God, his Mercy; and did a little cherish it in myself, because I found therein no Malice, and a ready Weight to sway me from the other Extream of Despair, whereunto Melancholy and Contemplative Natures are too easily disposed. A third there is which I did never positively maintain or practise, but have often wished it had been consonant to Truth, and not offensive to my Religion, and that is the Prayer for the Dead; whereunto I was inclined from some charitable Inducements, whereby I could scarce contain my Prayers for a Friend, at the Ringing of a Bell, or behold his Corps without an Oraison for his Soul: It was a good Way, methought to be remembred by Posterity, and far more noble than an History. These Opinions I never maintained with Pertinacy, or endeavoured to inveagle any Man's Belief unto mine, nor so much as ever revealed or disputed them with my dearest Friends; by which Means I neither propagated them in others, nor confirmed them in myself; but suffering them to flame upon their own Substance, without Addition of new Fuel, they went out insensibly of themselves: Therefore these Opinions, though condemned by lawful Councils, were not Heresies in me, but bare Errors, and single Lapses of my Understanding without a joint Depravity of my Will: Those have not only depraved Understandings, but diseased Affections, which cannot enjoy a Singularity without an Heresy, or be the Author of an Opinion without they be of a Sect also; this was the Villainy of the first Schism of *Lucifer*, who was not content to err alone, but drew into his Faction many Legions, and upon this Experience he tempted only *Eve*, as well under-

understanding the Communicable Nature of Sin, and that to deceive but one, was tacitly, and upon Consequence, to delude them both.

§ 8. That Heresies should arise, we have the Prophecy of *Christ*; but that Old ones should be abolished, we hold no Prediction. That there must be Heresies is true, not only in our Church, but also in any other: Even in the Doctrines Heretical, there will be Superheresies; and *Arians* not only divided from their Church, but also among themselves: For Heads that are disposed unto Schism, and complexionably propense to Innovation, are naturally disposed for a Community; nor will be ever confined unto the Order or OEconomy of one Body; and therefore when they separate from others, they knit but loosely among themselves, nor contented with a general Breach or Dichotomy with their Church, do subdivide and mince themselves almost into Atoms. It is true, that Men of singular Parts and Humours have not been free from singular Opinions and Conceits in all Ages; retaining something not only beside the Opinion of his own Church or any other, but also any particular Author; which notwithstanding a sober Judgment may do without Offence or Heresy; for there is yet, after all the Decrees of Councils, and the Niceties of Schools, many Things untouched, unimagined, wherein the Liberty of an honest Reason may play and expatiate with Security, and far without the Circle of an Heresy.

§ 9. As for those wingy Mysteries in Divinity, and airy Subtleties in Religion, which have unbinged the Brains of better Heads, they never stretched the *Pia Mater* of mine; methinks there be not Impossibilities enough in Religion for an active Faith; the deepest Mysteries ours contains, have not only been illustrated, but maintained by Syllogism, and the Rule of Reason: I love to lose myself in a Mystery, to pursue my Reason to an *O altitudo*! It is my solitary Recreation

ation to pose my Apprehension with those involved Ænigmas and Riddles of the Trinity, with the Incarnation and Resurrection. I can answer all the Objections of *Satan* and my rebellious Reason, with that odd Resolution I learnt of *Tertullian*, *It is True, because it is Impossible*. I desire to exercise my Faith in the difficultest Points; for to credit ordinary and visible Objects, is not Faith but Persuasion. Some believe the better for seeing *Christ's* Sepulchre; and when they have seen the Red Sea, doubt not of the Miracle. Now contrarily, I bless myself, and am thankful that I lived not in the Days of Miracles, that I never saw *Christ* nor his Disciples; I would not have been one of those *Israelites* that passed the Red Sea, nor one of *Christ's* Patients on whom he wrought his Wonders; then had my Faith been thrust upon me; nor should I enjoy that greater Blessing pronounced to all who believe and saw not. It is an easy and necessary Belief, to credit what our Eye and Sense hath examined: I believe he was dead and Buried, and rose again; and desire to see him in his Glory, rather than to contemplate him in his Cenotaph, or Sepulchre. Nor is this much to believe; as we have Reason, we owe this Faith unto History: They only had the Advantage of a bold and noble Faith who lived before his Coming, who upon obscure Prophecies and mystical Types, could raise a Belief, and expect apparent Impossibilities.

§ 10. It is true, there is an Edge in all firm Belief, and with an easy Metaphor we may say, the Sword of Faith; but in these Obscurities I rather use it in the Adjunct the Apostle gives it, a Buckler; under which I conceive a wary Combatant may lie invulnerable. Since I was of Understanding to know we knew nothing, my Reason hath been more pliable to the Will of Faith; I am now content to understand a Mystery without a rigid Definition, in an easy and platonick Description. That allegorical Description
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of *Hermes* *, pleaseth me beyond all the Metaphysical Definitions of Divines; where I cannot satisfy my Reason, I love to humour my Fancy: I had as lief you tell me, *That the Soul is the Angel of Man, the Body of God, as Entelechia; Light the Shadow of God, as the Act of extraordinary Brightness*; where there is an Obscurity too deep for our Reason, it is good to sit down with a Description, Periphrasis, or Adumbration; for by acquainting our Reason how unable it is to display the visible and obvious Effects of Nature, it becomes more humble and submissive unto the Subtleties of Faith; and thus I teach my haggard and unreclaimed Reason to stoop unto the Lure of Faith. I believe there was already a Tree whose Fruit our unhappy Parents tasted, though in the same Chapter when God forbids it, it is positively said, the Plants of the Fields were not yet grown; for God had not caused it to rain upon the Earth. I believe that the Serpent (if we shall literally understand it) from his proper Form and Figure made his Motion on his Belly before the Curse. I find the Tryal of the Pucelage and Virginity of Women, which God ordained the *Jews*, is very † fallible. Experience and History informs me, that not only many particular Women, but likewise whole Nations have escaped

* A Sphere whose Center is *every where*, and its Circumference *no where*: This Description is to be found in *Hermes*; but *Cassaubon* and other learned Writers imagine many Things imputed to *Hermes* which are none of his.

† This Passage is in *Deuter.* 22. 17. This Affair is not absolutely decided among the Learned, it is still disputed, whether this Sign is infallible; and moreover, in what it consists. *Pinaeus* has wrote a little Treatise upon that Subject, and *Bartholin* in the 3d Book of his *Anatomy*, Chap. 31. brings the Opinion of several to confirm it. But *Laurentius Capivaccius*, *Augemius*, and others, have fully confuted him. *Leo Afer* tells you, it is the Custom at *Fex* in *Morocco*, to examine the Linnen of the Bride the Day after Marriage, and if it is not found bloody, she is sent back to her Parents with Disgrace. The same Custom prevails in *Spain*. But it is possible to play so many Tricks to deceive Mankind, that these Proceedings are intirely uncertain.

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the Curse of Childbirth, which God seems to pronounce upon the whole Sex ; yet do I believe that all this is true, which indeed my Reason would persuade me to be false ; and this I think is no vulgar Part of Faith, to believe a Thing not only above, but contrary to Reason, and against the Arguments of our proper Senses.

§ 11. In my solitary and retired Imagination (*neither am I thoughtless when alone, either in Bed or out of it*) I remember I am not alone, and therefore forget not to contemplate him and his Attributes who is ever with me, especially those two mighty Ones, his Wisdom and Eternity ; with the one I recreate, with the other I confound my Understanding : For who can speak of Eternity without a Solœcism, or think thereof without an Extasy ? Time we may comprehend ; it is but five Days elder than ourselves, and hath the same Horoscope with the World ; but to retire so far back as to apprehend a Beginning, to give such an infinite start forwards as to conceive an End in an Essence that we affirm hath neither the one nor the other, it puts my Reason to St. Paul's Sanctuary : My Philosophy dares not say the Angels can do it ; God hath not made a Creature that can comprehend him ; it is a Privilege of his own Nature : *I am that I am*, was his own Definition to Moses ; and it was a short one, to confound Mortality, that durst Question God, or ask him what he *was* ; indeed he only *is* ; all others have and shall be : But in Eternity there is no distinction of Tenses ; and therefore that terrible Term *Predestination*, which hath troubled so many weak Heads to conceive, and the wisest to explain, is in respect to God no precious Determination of our Estates to come, but a definitive Blast of his Will already fulfilled, and at the Instant that he first decreed it ; to his Eternity which is indivisible, and all together, the last Trump is already sounded, the Reprobates in the Flames, and the Blessed

fed in *Abraham's Bosom*. *St. Peter* speaks modestly, when he saith, a thousand Years to God are but as one Day : For to speak like a Philosopher, those continued Instances of Time which flow into a thousand Years, make not to him one Moment ; what to us is to come, to his Eternity is present, his whole Duration being but one permanent Point, without Succession, Parts, Flux, or Division.

§ 12. There is no Attribute that adds more difficulty to the Mystery of the Trinity ; where, though in a relative way of Father and Son, we must deny a Priority. I wonder how *Aristotle* could conceive the World Eternal, or how he could make good two Eternities : His * Similitude of a Triangle, comprehended in a Square, doth somewhat illustrate the Trinity of our Souls, and that the Triple Unity of God ; for there is in us not *three*, but a *Trinity* of Souls, because there is in us, if not three distinct Souls, yet differing Faculties, that can, and do subsist apart in different Subjects, and yet in us are thus united as to make but one Soul and Substance : If one Soul were so perfect as to inform three distinct Bodies, that were a petty Trinity ; conceive, the distinct Number of three, not divided nor separated by the Intellect, but actually comprehended in its Unity, and that is a perfect Trinity. I have often admired the mystical Way of *Pythagoras*, and the secret Magick of Numbers. Beware of Philosophy, is a Precept not to be received in too large a Sense ; for in this Mass of Nature there is a Set of Things that carry in their Front, though not in capital Letters, yet in Stenography, and short Characters, something of Divinity, which to wiser Reasons serve as Luminaries in the Abyss of Knowledge, and to judicious Beliefs, as Scales and Roundles to mount the Pinacles and highest Pieces

* Several Authors have endeavoured to enlighten the Mystery of the Trinity by Comparisons. See *Mornay on the Truth of the Christian Religion*.

of Divinity. The severe Schools shall never laugh me out of the Philosophy of *Hermes*; that this Visible World is but a Picture of the Invisible, wherein as in a Portrait, Things are not truly, but in equivocal-Shapes, and as they counterfeit some real Substance in that invisible Fabrick.

§ 13. That other Attribute wherewith I recreate my Devotion, is his Wisdom, in which I am happy; and for the Contemplation of this only, do not repent me that I was bred in the Way of Study: The Advantage I have of the Vulgar, with the Content and Happiness I conceive therein, is an ample Recompence for all my Endeavours, in what Part of Knowledge soever. Wisdom is his most beauteous Attribute, no Man can attain unto it, yet *Solomon* pleased God when he desired it. He is Wise because he knows all Things; and he knoweth all Things, because he made them all: But his greatest Knowledge is in comprehending that he made not, that is, himself. And this is also the greatest Knowledge in Man. For this do I honour my own Profession, and embrace the Counsel even of the Devil himself: Had he read such a Lecture in Paradise, as he did at * *Delpbos*, we had better known ourselves; nor had we stood in Fear to know him. I know he is wise in all, wonderful in what we conceive, but far more in what we comprehend not; for we behold him but asquint, upon Reflex or Shadow; our Understanding is dimmer than *Moses's* Eye; we are ignorant of the Back-parts or Lower-side of his Divinity; therefore to pry into the Maze of his Counsels, is not only Folly in Man, but Presumption even in Angels; like us, they are his Servants, not his Senators; he holds no Council, but that mystical One of

* *Γνῶθι σεαυτὸν*, *Know thy self*: This was written over the Gate of the Temple of *Apollo* at *Delpbos*, according to *Plutarch*, the God to whom this Temple was dedicated, saluted and spoke these Words to the People who went thither to offer up their Prayers

the Trinity, wherein though there be Three Persons there is but One Mind that decrees without Contradiction: Nor needs he any; his Actions are not begot with Deliberation, his Wisdom naturally knows what is best; his Intellect stands ready fraught with the Superlative and purest *Idea's* of Goodness; Consultation and Election, which are two Motions in us, make but one in him; his Action springing from his Power, at the first Touch of his Will. These are Contemplations Metaphysical: My humble Speculations have another Method, and are content to trace and discover those Expressions he hath left in his Creatures, and the obvious Effects of Nature; there is no Danger to profound those Mysteries, no *sanctum sanctorum* in Philosophy: The World was made to be inhabited by Beasts; but studied and contemplated by Man; it is the Debt of our Reason we owe unto God, and the Homage we pay for not being Beasts; without this, the World is still as if it had not been, or as it was before the sixth Day, when as yet there was not a Creature that could conceive, or say there was a World. The Wisdom of God receives small Honour from those vulgar Heads that rudely stare about, and with a gross Rusticity admire his Works; those highly Magnify him, whose Judicious Inquiry into his Acts, and Deliberate Re-search into his Creatures, return the Duty of a devout and learned Admiration. Therefore,

Search while thou wilt, and let thy Reason go
To ransom Truth e'en to th' Abyis below;
Rally the scatter'd Causes; and that Line
Which Nature twists, be able to untwine:
It is thy Maker's Will, for unto none,
But unto Reason can he e'er be known.
The Devils do know Thee but those damned Meteors
Build not Thy Glory, but confound Thy Creatures.
Teach my Endeavours so Thy Works to read,
That learning them in Thee, I may proceed.
Give Thou my Reason that instructive flight,
Whole weary Wings may on Thy Hands still light.

Teach

Teach me to soar Aloft, yet ever so,
 When near the Sun, to stoop again below.
 Thus shall my humble Feathers safely hover,
 And tho' near Earth, more than the Heav'ns discover.
 And then at last, when homeward I shall drive
 Rich with the Spoils of Nature to my Hive,
 There will I set like that industrious Fly,
 Buzzing thy Praises, which will never Dye,
 'Till Death abrupts them, and succeeding Glory,
 Bid me go On, in a more lasting Story.

And this is almost all wherein an humble Creature may endeavour to requite and some way to retribute unto his Creator: For if not he that saith, *Lord, Lord, but he that doeth the Will of his Father, shall be saved*; certainly our Wills must be our Performances, and our Intents make out our Actions; otherwise our pious Labours shall find Anxiety in our Graves, and our best Endeavours not hope but fear a Resurrection.

§ 14. There is but *one* first Cause; and *four* second Causes of all Things; some are without, Efficient, as God; others without Matter, as Angels; some without Form, as the first Matter: But every Essence created or uncreated, hath its final Cause, and some positive End both of its Essence and Operation; this is the Cause I grope after in the Works of Nature; on this hangs the Providence of God: To raise so beauteous a Structure, as the World and the Creatures thereof, was but his Art; but their sundry and divided Operations, with their predestinated Ends, are from the Treasure of his Wisdom. In the Causes, Nature and Affections of the Eclipses of the Sun and Moon, there is most excellent Speculation; but to profound farther, and to contemplate a Reason why his Providence hath so disposed and ordered their Motions in that vast Circle, as to conjoin and obscure each other, is a sweeter Piece of Reason, and a diviner Point of Philosophy; therefore sometimes, and in some things, there appears to me as much Divinity
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in *Galen's Book De Ufu Partium*, as in *Suarez's Metaphysicks*: Had *Aristotle* been as curious in the Enquiry of this Cause as he was of the other, he had not left behind him an imperfect Piece of Philosophy, but an absolute Tract of Divinity.

§ 15. *Nature makes nothing in vain*, is the only undisputed Axiom in Philosophy; there are no *Grotesques* in Nature; not any thing framed to fill up empty Cantons, and unnecessary Spaces, in the most imperfect Creatures and such as were not preserved in the Ark, but having their Seeds and Principles in the Womb of Nature, are every where, where the Power of the Sun is; in these is the Wisdom of his Hand discovered: Out of this Rank *Solomon* chose the Object of Admiration; Indeed what Reason may not go to School to the Wisdom of Bees, Ants, and Spiders? What wise Hand teacheth them to do what Reason cannot teach us? Ruder Heads stand amazed at those prodigious Pieces of Nature, Whales, Elephants, Dromidaries and Camels; these I confess, are the Colossus and Majestic Pieces of her Hand: But in these narrow Engines there is more curious Mathematicks; and the Civility of these little Citizens, more neatly sets forth the Wisdom of their Maker. Who admires not *Regio Montanus's Fly* beyond his *Eagle*, or wonders not more at the Operation of *two* Souls in those little Bodies, than but *one* in the Trunk of a Cedar, I could never content my Contemplation with those general Pieces of Wonder, the Flux and Reflux of the Sea, the Increase of *Nile*, the Conversion of the Needle to the *North*; and have studied to match and parallel those in the more obvious and neglected Pieces of Nature, which without farther Travel I can do in the Cosmography of myself; we carry with us the Wonders we seek without us: There is all *Africa* and her Prodigies in us; we are that bold and adventurous Piece of Nature, which he that studies wisely learns in a *Compendium*, what
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others labour at in a divided Piece and endless Volume.

§ 16. Thus there are two Books from whence I collect my Divinity; besides that written One of God, another of his Servant Nature, that universal and public Manuscript, that lies expanded unto the Eyes of all; those that never saw him in the One, have discovered him in the Other: This was the Scripture and Theology of the *Heathens*; the natural Motion of the Sun made them more admire him, than its supernatural Station did the Children of *Israel**; the ordinary Effects of Nature wrought more Admiration in them; than in the other all his Miracles; surely the *Heathens* knew better how to join and read these Mystical Letters than we Christians, who cast a more careless Eye on these common Hieroglyphics, and disdain to suck Divinity from the Flowers of Nature. Nor do I so forget God as to adore the Name of Nature; which I define not with the Schools, to be the Principle of Motion and Rest, but that strait and regular Line, that settled and constant Course the Wisdom of God hath ordained the Actions of his Creatures, according to their several Kinds. To make a Revolution every Day, is the Nature of the Sun, because of that necessary Course which God hath ordained it, from which it cannot swerve, by a Faculty from that Voice which first did give it Motion. Now this Course of Nature God seldom alters or perverts, but like an excellent Artist hath so contrived his Work, that with the self-same Instrument, without a new Creation he may effect his obscurest Designs. Thus he sweetneth the Water with a Word, *Exod. xv. 2.* preserveth the Creatures in the Ark, *Genes. vii. 8.* which the Blast of his Mouth might have as easily created; for

* See *Josephus* Book 10, 13. There are many Opinions upon this Matter. The Author of the *Præ-Adamites* endeavours to explain it in the 5th Chap. of the 4th Book.

God is like a skilful Geometrician, who when more easily, and with one Stroke of his Compass he might describe or divide a Right-Line, had yet rather do this in a Circle or longer Way ; according to the constituted or forelaid Principles of his Art : Yet this Rule of his he doth sometimes pervert, to acquaint the World with his Prerogative, lest the Arrogancy of our Reason should question his Power, and conclude he could not : And thus I call the Effects of Nature the Works of God, whose Hand and Instrument she only is ; and therefore to ascribe his Actions unto her, is to devolve the Honour of the principal Agent, upon the Instrument ; which if with Reason we may do, then let our Hammers rise up and boast they have built our Houses, and our Pens receive the Honour of our Writing. I hold there is a general Beauty in the Works of God, and therefore no Deformity in any Kind of Species or Creature whatsoever : I cannot tell by what Logic we call a *Toad*, a *Bear*, or an *Elephant* ugly, they being created in those outward Shapes and Figures which best express the Actions of their inward Forms ; and having passed that general Visitation of God, who saw that all that he had made was good, that is, conformable to his Will, which abhors Deformity, and is the Rule of Order and Beauty ; there is no Deformity but in Monstrosity, wherein notwithstanding there is a Kind of Beauty, Nature so Ingeniously contriving the regular Parts, as they become sometimes more remarkable than the principal Fabric. To speak yet more narrowly, there was never any Thing Ugly or Mis-shapen, but the *Chaos* ; wherein notwithstanding, to speak strictly, there was no Deformity, because no Form, nor was it yet impregnant by the Voice of God ; now Nature is not at variance with Art, nor Art with Nature ; they being both Servants of his Providence : Art is the Perfection of Nature : Were the World now as it were the Sixth Day, there were yet a *Chaos* : Nature

hath made one World, and Art another. In brief, all Things, are artificial; for Nature is the Art of God.

§ 17. This is the ordinary and open Way of his Providence, which Art and Industry have in a good Part discovered, whose Effects we may foretel without an Oracle: To fore-shew these, is not Prophecy, but Prognostication. There is another Way full of Meanders and Labyrinths*, whereof the Devil and Spirits have no exact Ephemerides, and that is a more particular and obscure Method of his Providence, directing the Operations of Individuals and single Essences: This we call Fortune, that Serpentine and crooked Line, whereby he draws those Actions his Wisdom intends in a more unknown and secret Way: This cryptic and involved Method of his Providence have I ever admired, nor can I relate the History of my Life, the Occurrences of my Days, the Escapes of Dangers, and Hits of Chance, with a *Bezo las Manos* to Fortune, or a bare Go'a'm-mercy to my good Stars: *Abraham* might have thought the *Ram* in the Thicket came there by Accident†; human Reason would have said, that meer Chance conveyed *Moses* in the Ark to the Sight of *Pharaoh's* Daughter; (*Exod. i. 11.*) What a Labyrinth is there in the Story of (*Joseph*, *Genes. xxxvii.*) able to convert a Stoic? Surely there are in every Man's Life certain Rubs, Doublings, and Wrenches, which pass a while under the Effects of Chance, but at the last well examined, prove the meer Hand of God. It was not dumb Chance, that to discover the Fougade or Powder-plot, contrived a Miscarriage in the Letter*. I like the Victory of 1588 †*, the

* The River *Meandrus* is in *Great Phrygia*, in *Asia*, its Course is so very crooked, that *Dion Prusæus* reckons it to have no less than 600 Turnings.

† *Abraham* being commanded by God to Sacrifice his Son, *A Ram* appeared in a Thicket, which he sacrificed. *Genes. 22. 13.*

|| See History of King *James I.*

||* The *Spanish-Armada*, Temp. *Eliz. Reg.*

better for that one Occurrence, which our Enemies imputed to our Dishonour, and Partiality of Fortune, to wit, the Tempests, and Contrariety of Winds. King *Philip* did not detract from the Nation, when he said, he sent his *Armada* to fight with Men, and not to combat with the Winds. Where there is a manifest Disproportion between the Powers and Forces of two several Agents, upon a Maxim of Reason we may promise the Victory to the Superior; but when unexpected Accidents slip in, and unthought of Occurrences intervene, these must proceed from a Power that owes no Obedience to those Axioms: Where, as in Writing upon a Wall, we may behold the Hand, but see not the Springs that move it. The Success of that petty Province of *Holland*, (of which the Grand *Seignior* proudly said, that if they should trouble him as they did the *Spaniards*, he would send his Men with Shovels and Pick-axes, and throw it into the Sea) I cannot altogether ascribe to the Ingenuity and Industry of the People, but the Mercy of God, that hath disposed them to such a thriving Genius; and to the Will of Providence, that disposeth her Favour to each Country in the pre-ordinate Season. All cannot be happy at once; for because the Glory of one State depends upon the Ruin of another, there is a Revolution and Vicissitude of their Greatness, and must obey the Swing of that Wheel, not moved by Intelligences, but by the Hand of God, whereby all Estates arise to their *Zenith* and Vertical Points, according to their predestinated Periods. For the Lives not only of Men, but of Commonwealths, and the whole World, run not upon a Helix that still enlargeth; but on a Circle, where arriving to their Meridian, they decline in Obscurity, and fall under the Horizon again.

§ 18. These must not therefore be named the Effects of Fortune, but in a relative way, and as we term the Works of Nature: It was the Ignorance of

Man's Reason that begat this very Name, and by a careless Term miscalled the Providence of God : For there is no liberty for Causes to operate in a loose and straggling way ; nor any effect whatsoever, but hath its warrant from some universal or superior Cause. It is not a ridiculous Devotion to say a Prayer before a Game at Tables ; for even in *Sortiliges* and Matters of greatest Uncertainty, there is a settled and pre-ordered Course of Effects. It is we that are blind, not Fortune : Because our Eye is too dim to discover the Mystery of her Effects, we foolishly paint her blind, and hoodwink the Providence of the Almighty. I cannot justify that contemptible Proverb, *that Fools only are Fortunate* ; or that insolent Paradox, *That a wise Man is out of the Reach of Fortune* ; much less those opprobrious Ephithets of Poets, *Whore, Bawd, and Strumpet*. It is, I confess, the common Fate of Men of singular Gifts of Mind, to be destitute of those of Fortune ; which doth not any way deject the Spirits of wiser Judgments, who thoroughly understand the Justice of this Proceeding ; and being enriched with higher Donatives cast a more careless Eye on these vulgar parts of Felicity. It is a most unjust Ambition to desire to engross the Mercies of the Almighty, not to be content with the Goods of Mind, without a Possession of those of the Body or Fortune ; And it is an Error worse than Heresy to adore these contemplative and circumstantial Pieces of Felicity, and undervalue those Perfections and essential Points of Happiness, wherein we resemble our Maker. To wiser Desires it is Satisfaction enough to deserve, though not to enjoy the Favours of Fortune ; let Providence provide for Fools : It is not Partiality, but Equity in God, who deals with us but as our natural Parents ; those that are able of Body and Mind, he leaves to their Deserts ; to those of weaker Merits he imparts a larger Portion, and pieces out the Defect of one, by the Access of the other. Thus we

we have no just Quarrel with Nature, for leaving us naked; or to envy the Horns, Hoofs, Skins and Furs, of other Creatures being provided with Reason, that can supply them all. We need not labour with so many Arguments to confute Judicial Astrology; for if there be a Truth therein, it doth not injure Divinity: If to be born under *Mercury* disposeth us to be witty, under *Jupiter* to be wealthy; I do not owe a Knee unto these, but unto that merciful Hand that hath ordered my indifferent and uncertain Nativity unto such benevolous Aspects. Those who hold that all Things are governed by Fortune, had not erred, had they not persisted there: The *Romans* who erected a Temple to Fortune, acknowledged therein, though in a blinder way, somewhat of Divinity; for in a wise Supputation all Things begin and end in the Almighty. There is a nearer Way to Heaven than *Homer's* * Chain; an easy Logic may conjoin Heaven and Earth in one Argument, and with less than a *Sorites* resolvè all Things into God. For though we christen Effects by their most sensible and nearest Causes, yet is God the true and infallible Cause of All, whose concurrence though it be general, yet doth it subdivide it self into the particular Actions of every Thing, and is that Spirit, by which each singular Essence not only subsists, but performs its Operation.

§ 19. The bad Construction, and perverse Comment on these Pair of Second Causes, or visible Hands of God, had perverted the Devotion of many unto Atheism; who forgetting the honest Advisoers of Faith have listened unto the Conspiracy of Passion and Reason. I have therefore always endeavoured to compose those Feuds and Angry Dissentions between Affection, Faith and Reason: For there is in our Soul a kind of Triumvirate, or Tripple Government of Three Competitors, which distract the Peace of this

* See *ILIAD* viii. which *Lucan* ridicules in his *Jupiter* refuted.

our Common-wealth, not less than did that other the State of *Rome*.

As Reason is a Rebel unto Faith, so Passion unto Reason: As the Propositions of Faith seem absurd unto Reason, so the Theorems of Reason unto Passion, and both unto Reason; yet a moderate and peaceable Discretion may so state and order the Matter, that they may be all Kings, and yet make but one Monarchy, every one exercising his Sovereignty and Prerogative in a due Time and Place, according to the restraint and limit of Circumstance. There is, as in Philosophy, so in Divinity, sturdy Doubts, and boisterous Objections, wherewith the unhappiness of our Knowledge too nearly acquainteth us. More of these no Man hath known than myself, which I confess I conquered, not in a martial Posture, but on my Knees. For our Endeavours are not only to combat with Doubts, but always to dispute with the Devil: The Villany of that Spirit takes a Hint of Infidelity from our Studies, and by demonstrating a Naturality in one way, makes us mistrust a Miracle in another. Thus having perused the *Archidoxes*, and read the secret * Sympathies of Things, he would dissuade my Belief from the Miracle of the Brazen Serpent, (*Numb. xxi. 4.*) make me conceit that Image worked by Sympathy, and was but an || *Egyptian* Trick to cure their Diseases without a Miracle. Again, having seen

* *Paracelsus* and many others have wrote upon this Subject, and pretended to cure Wounds by anointing the Instruments that made them with a certain Ointment. Our Countryman, Sir *Kenelm Digby*, likewise wrote a Treatise upon this Subject, intitled, *A Discourse upon the Sympathetick Powder*, wherein he relates many strange Stories of its wonderful Effects: But this Sympathetick Doctrine has been so often refuted since, that it is now quite out of Date.

|| Ancient Historiographers agree, that the *Egyptians* were never without some famous Magicians, who surpassed those of all other Nations in Arts and Sciences; and without Dispute *Moses*, who made the Brazen Serpent, was endued with an uncommon Knowledge: For *St. Stephen* testifies, *Acts 7. 22.* That he was instructed in all the Wisdom of the *Egyptians*, and that he was powerful in Words and Deeds.

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some Experiments of *Bitumen* *, and having read far more of *Naptha*, he whispered to my Curiosity the Fire of the Altar might be natural; and bid me mistrust a Miracle in *Elijah*, when he intrenched the Altar round with Water: For that inflammable Substance yields not easily to Water, but flames in the Arms of its Antagonist. And thus would he inveigle my Belief to think the Combustion of *Sodom* might be natural, and that there was an Asphaltic and Bituminous Nature in that † Lake before the Fire of *Gomorrhah*. I know that *Manna* is now plentifully gathered in *Calabria*; and *Josephus* tells me, in his Days it was as plentiful in *Arabia*; the Devil therefore made the *Quere*, Where was then the Miracle in the Days of *Moses*? The *Israelite* saw but that in his Time, the Natives of those Countries behold in ours. Thus the Devil played at Chess with me, and yielding a Pawn, thought to gain a Queen of me, taking Advantage of my honest Endeavours; and whilst I laboured to raise the Structure of my Reason, he strived to undermine the Edifice of my Faith.

§ 20. Neither had these, or any other, ever such Advantage of me, as to incline me to any Point of Infidelity or desperate Positions of Atheism; for I have been these many Years of Opinion, there was

* This is likewise called *Jews Pitch*, and is a fat oily Liquor, which issues from a shining combustible Substance that easily takes fire.

It is of a white Colour, and attracts the Fire to itself at a great Distance, and sets the Air on Fire that surrounds it, and burns even in Water: It was the Custom in *Sicily* to use it in their Lamps instead of Oil. *Plutarch*, in his Life of *Alexander the Great*, tells us that the *Babylonians* willing to shew him the Force of *Naptha*, scattered some Drops of it in the Streets of the City, especially near his Palace, that coming afterwards with a Flambeau it began to burn in such a manner, that the Streets which were sprinkled with it seemed all on Fire.

† *Strabo* in his 16th Chapter says, It was reported that this Lake was not the Destruction of the City, which was followed by an Earthquake.

never

never || any. Those who held Religion was the Difference of Man from Beasts, have spoken probably, and proceed upon a Principle as inductive as the other. That Doctrine of *Epicurus*, which denied the Providence of God was no Atheism, but a magnificent and high strained Conceit of his Majesty, which he deemed too sublime to mind the trivial Actions of those inferior Creatures. That fatal Necessity of the Stoicks, is nothing but the immutable Law of his Will. Those who heretofore denied the Divinity of the Holy Ghost, have been condemned, but as Heretics; and those who now deny our Saviour (though more than Heretics) are not so much as Atheists: For though they deny two Persons in the Trinity, they hold as we do, there is but one God.

That Villain and Secretary of Hell, who composed that miscreant Piece of *The Three Impostors**, though divided from all the Religions, and was neither *Jew*, *Turk*, nor *Christian*, was not a positive Atheist. I confess every Country hath its *Machiavel*, every Age its *Lucian*, whereof common Heads must not hear, nor more advanced Judgments too rashly venture on :

|| It is disputed whether there have been Atheists or not; but what will you say of *Vaninus*, who was burnt alive for Atheism at *Toulouse* in *France*, Anno 1620, who as he was going from the Prison to the Stake, said to those who led him, among other Things, pray feel my Pulse and see if you can perceive the least Emotion or Alteration in it; you shall not find me utter the least Word of Despair as your Christ did when he was upon the Cross. And when he was brought to the Stake, to which he was bound, and felt the Heat of the Fire, he cry'd out, my God, my God: A certain Monk, who stood by, hearing this, asked him how he came to call upon God now, since he had denied him all his Life before, upon which he answered him from the Midst of the Flames, *Sir, it is only the Manner of Speaking*.

* *Oribinus* was said to have wrote such a Piece; and the Emperor *Frederick II.* was as lavish of his Tongue as the other of his Pen; who used often to say, *There were three notorious Impostors who seduced Mankind, Moses, Christ, and Mahomet.* *Lips. Monit. & exempl. Politic. cap. 4.* Pope *Leo X.* was as little favourable to our Saviour, when he used that Speech which is reported of him, *What immense Riches has that Story of Christ brought us.*

It is the Rhetoric of *Satan*, and may pervert a loose or prejudicate Belief.

§ 21. I confess I have perused them all, and can discover nothing that may startle a discreet Belief; yet are there Heads carried off with the Wind and Breath of such Motives. I remember a Doctor of Physic in *Italy*, who could not perfectly believe the *Immortality* of the *Soul*, because † *Galen* seemed to make a Doubt thereof. With another I was familiarly acquainted in *France*, a Divine, and a Man of singular Parts, that on the same Point was so plunged and gravelled with *three Lines* of *Seneca* ¶, that all our Antidotes, drawn from both Scripture and Philosophy, could not expel the Poison of his Error. There are a Set of Heads, who can credit the Relations of Mariners, yet question the Testimonies of *St. Paul*; and peremptorily maintain the Tradition of *Ælian* or *Pliny*, yet in Histories of Scripture raise Queries and Objections, believing no more than they can parrallel in human Authors. I confess there are in Scripture Stories that do exceed the Fables of Poets, and to a captious * Reader sound

† *Galen* not only doubted, but absolutely denied the *Immortality* of the *Soul*, as appears from several Passages in his Writings.

¶ 1. After Death there is Nothing, and Death it self is nothing.
2. Death is an unavoidable Corruption of the Body, and does not suffer the *Soul* to inhabit it. 3. We Dye entirely and nothing of us remains.

* There have been Men in all Ages, and are at present, who have given no more Credit to the Book of *Moses* upon the Creation, than to that of *Ovid* in his *Metamorph.* and who believe *Seneca's* Epistles as canonical as *St. Paul's*, and think the Airs of *Anacreon* not inferior to the Canticles of *Solomon*. *Hierocles* says, that *Apollonius Tyaneus* has perform'd more, and greater Miracles than *Christ*; and praises *Philostratus* who wrote the Life of *Dyanus*, beyond *St. Peter* and *St. Paul*, who, he says, wrote the Life of *Christ*; upon whom he bestows the Character of learned and subtle Impostors. The Emperor *Julian* surnamed the *Apostate*, when he made War against the *Persians*, laid a heavy Tax upon the *Christians*, who going to complain to him, made them this Answer, That it was reasonable they should be oppressed, since their own God had said, Happy are those that suffer
Oppres-

found like *Garagantua* or *Bevis* : Search all the Legends of Times past, and the fabulous Conceits of these present, and it will be hard to find one that deserves to carry the Buckler unto *Sampson* ; yet is all this of an easy Possibility, if we conceive a Divine Concourse, or an Influence from the little Finger of the Almighty. It is impossible that either in the Discourse of Man, or in the infallible Voice of God, to the Weakness of our Apprehensions, there should not appear Irregularities, Contradictions, and Antinomies : Myself could shew a Catalogue of Doubts, never yet imagined nor questioned, as I know, which are not resolved at the first hearing ; not fantastic Queries or Objections of Air ; for I cannot hear of Atoms in Divinity. I can read the History of the Pigeon that was sent out of the Ark, and returned no more, yet not question how she found out her Mate that was left behind : That *Lazarus* was raised from the Dead, yet not demand where, in the Interim, his Soul awaited ; or raise a Law-case, whether his Heir might lawfully detain his Inheritance bequeathed unto him by his Death, and he, though restored to Life, have no Plea or Title to his former Possessions. Whether *Eve* was framed out of the Left Side of *Adam*, I dispute not ; because I stand not yet assured which is the Right Side of a Man ; or whether there be any such Distinction in Nature : That she was edified out of the Rib of *Adam*, I believe, yet raise no Question who shall arise with that Rib at the Resurrection : Whether *Adam* was an Hermaphrodite, as the Rabbins contend upon the Letter of the Text, because it is contrary to Reason there should be an Her-

Oppression and Persecution. And when he pillaged the Churches and Priests, he said it was done that they might more easily attain Heaven. For it is written, *Blessed are the Poor, for they shall inherit the Kingdom of Heaven.*

hermaphrodite

hermaphrodite before there was a * Woman; or a Composition of Two Natures before there was a Second composed. Likewise, whether the World was created in *Autumn*, *Summer*, or the *Spring*, because it was created in them all; for whatsoever Sign the Sun possesseth, those Four Seasons are actually existent: It is the Nature of this Luminary to distinguish the several Seasons of the Year, all which it makes at one Time in the whole Earth, and successively in any Part thereof. There are a Bundle of Curiosities, not only in Philosophy, but in Divinity, proposed and discussed by Men of most supposed Abilities, which indeed are not worthy our vacant Hours, much less our serious Studies. Pieces only fit to be placed in *Pantagruel's Library*, or bound up with *Tartaretus de Modo Cacandi* †.

§ 22. These are Niceties that become not those who peruse so serious a Mystery: There are others more generally questioned and called to the Bar, yet methinks of an easy and possible Truth.

It is ridiculous to put off, or down, the general Flood of *Noah*, in that particular Inundation of *Deucalion*; that there was a Deluge once, seems not to me so great a Miracle, as that there is not one always. How all the Kinds of Creatures, not only in their own Bulks, but with a Competency of Food and Sustenance, might be preserved in one Ark, and within the Extent of Three hundred Cubits, to a Reason that rightly examines it, will appear very feasible. There is another Secret not contained in the Scripture, which is more hard to comprehend, and put the honest Father to the Refuge of a Miracle; and that is, not

* Because it is said in *Genes. i. 27. And God created Man in his own Image, in the Image of God created he him; in the Image of God created he them.* Therefore because *Eve* was not created at this Time, some Rabbins have thought that *Adam* was an *Hermaphrodite*. See *Iostatus upon Genesis*.

† In *Rabelais*.

only how the distinct Pieces of the World, and divided Islands, should be first planted by Men, but inhabited by Tigers, Panthers, and Bears. How *America* abounded with Beasts of Prey, and noxious Animals, yet contained not in it that necessary Creature a Horse, is very strange. By what Passage those, not only Birds, but dangerous and unwelcome Beasts, came over: How there be Creatures there, which are not found in this Tripple Continent, all which must needs be strange unto us, that hold but one Ark; and that the Creatures began their Progress from the Mountains of **Ararat*: They who to salve this would make the Deluge particular, proceed upon a Principle that I can no Way grant; not only upon the Negative of Holy Scriptures, but of mine own Reason, whereby I can make it probable, that the World was as well peopled in the Time of *Noah*, as in ours; and fifteen hundred Years as full a Time for them, as four thousand Years since have been to us. There are other Assertions and common Tenets drawn from Scripture, and generally believed as Scripture, whereunto notwithstanding, I would never betray the Liberty of my Reason. It is a Paradox to me, that *Methusalem* was the longest lived of all the Children of *Adam*, and no Man will be able to prove it; when from the Process of the Text, I can manifest it may be otherwise. That *Judas* perished by hanging himself, there is no Certainty in Scripture, though in one Place it seems to affirm it, and by a doubtful Word hath given Occasion to translate it; yet in another Place, in a more punctual Description, it makes it improbable, and seems to overthrow it; That our Fathers, after the Flood, erected the Tower of *Babel*, to preserve themselves against a second Deluge, is generally opinioned and believed, yet is there another Inten-

* These are very high Mountains in *Georgia*, upon which the Ark is thought to have rested during the Time of the Deluge, and that the Creatures went out of the Ark at this Place.

tion of theirs expressed in Scripture: Besides, it is improbable from the Circumstance of the Place, that is, a Plain in the Land of *Shinar*: These are no Points of Faith, and therefore may admit a free Dispute. There are yet others, and those familiarly conclude from the Text, wherein (under Favour) I see no Consequence: The Church of *Rome* confidently proves the Opinion of Tutelary Angels, from that Answer when *Peter* knocked at the Door; *It is not he, but his Angel*; that is, might some say, his Messenger, or somebody from him; for so the Original signifies; and is as likely to be the doubtful Families Meaning. This Exposition I once suggested to a young Divine, who answered upon this Point; to which I remember the *Franciscan* Opponent replied no more; but that it was a new, and no authentic Interpretation.

§ 23. These are but the Conclusions and fallible Discourses of Man upon the Word of God, for such I do believe the Holy Scriptures; yet were it of Man, I could not chuse but say, it was the singularest, and superlative Piece that hath been extant since the Creation: Were I a Pagan, I should not refrain the Lecture of it; and cannot but commend the Judgment of *Ptolomy*, who thought not his Library compleat without it. The Alcoran of the *Turks* (I speak without Prejudice) is an ill composed Piece, containing in it many ridiculous Errors in Philosophy, Impossibilities, Fictions, and Vanities beyond Laughter, maintained by evident and open Sophisms, the Policy of Ignorance, Disposition of Universities, and Banishment of Learning; that hath gotten Foot by Arms and Violence: This without a Blow hath disseminated it self through the whole Earth. It is not unremarkable what *Philo* first observed, That the Law of *Moses* continued two thousand Years without the least Alteration; whereas, we see, the Laws of other Common-weals do alter with Occasions, and even those who pretend their Original from some Divinity, to have

have vanished without Trace or Memory. I believe besides *Zoroaster*, there were divers who writ before *Moses*, who notwithstanding have suffered the common Fate of Time. Men's Works have an Age like themselves; and though they out-live their Authors, yet they have a Stint and Period to their Duration: This only is a Work too hard for the Teeth of Time, and cannot perish but in the general Flames, when all Things shall confess their Ashes.

§ 24. I have heard some with deep Sighs lament the lost Lines of * *Cicero*; others with as many Groans deplore the Combustion of the Library of *Alexandria*: For my own Part, I think there be too many in the World, and could with Patience behold the Urn and Ashes of the *Vatican*, could I, with a few others, recover the perished Leaves of † *Solomon*. I would not omit a Copy of *Enoch's* Pillars, had they many nearer Authors than *Josephus*, or did not relish somewhat of the Fable. Some Men have written more than others have spoken; *Pineda* || quotes more Authors in one Work, than are necessary in a whole World. Of those Three great Inventions in *Germany*, there are ** Two which are not without their Incommodities; and it is disputable whether they exceed their Use and Commodities. It is not a melancholy Wish of my own, but the Desires of better Heads, that there were a general Synod; not to unite the incompatible Difference of Religion, but for the Bene-

* Many of *Cicero's* Writings have been lost, as appears by his Fragments; but what the Learned principally regret the Loss of, is what he wrote upon the Republick.

† It is very certain that we have not many things mentioned in 1 *Kings* 4. 32, 33. *Josephus* tells us besides, in B. viii. of his Antiquities, that *Solomon* wrote upon *Witchcraft* and the manner of casting out Devils.

|| *Pineda*, in his *Monarchica Ecclesiastica*, quotes 1040 Authors. He that would give himself the trouble to reckon the Number of Authors quoted by *Voetius* in his *Theological Disputes*, will find they far surpass the Number of *Pineda*.

** Printing and Gun-Powder.

fit of Learning, to reduce it as it lay at first, in a few, and solid Authors ; and to condemn to the Fire those swarms and millions of *Rhapsodies* begotten only to distract and abuse the weaker Judgments of Scholars, and *to maintain the Trade and Mystery of Typographers.*

§ 25. I cannot wonder with what Exception the *Samaritans* * could confine their Belief to their *Pentateuch*, or five Books of *Moses*. I am ashamed at the Rabbinical Interpretation of the *Jews* upon the Old Testament, as much as their Defection from the New. And truly it is beyond Wonder, how that contemptible and degenerate Issue of *Jacob*, once so devoted to Ethnic Superstition, and so easily seduced to the Idolatry of their Neighbours, should now in such an obstinate and peremptory Belief adhere unto their own Doctrine, expect Impossibilities, and in the Face and Eye of the Church, persist without the least hope of Conversion. This is a Vice in them, that were a Virtue in us ; for Obstinacy in a bad Cause, is but Constancy in a good. And herein I must accuse those of my own Religion ; for there is not any of such a fugitive Faith, such an unstable Belief, as a Christian ; none that do so oft transform themselves, not into several Shapes of Christianity and of the same Species, but into more unnatural and contrary Forms, of Jew and Mahometan ; that from the Name of Saviour, can condescend to the bare Term of Prophet ; and from an old Belief that he is come, fall to a new Expectation of his coming. It is the Promise of Christ to make us all one Flock ; but how and when this Union shall be, is as obscure to me as the last Day. Of those four Members of Religion we hold a slender Proportion ; there are, I confess, some new Additions, yet small, to those which accrue to

* See 2 *Kings* 17. and how they were despised by the *Jews*, *John* 4. 29. and 8. 44.

our Adversaries, and those only drawn from the Revolt of Pagans, Men but of negative Impieties, and such as deny Christ, because they never heard of him: But the Religion of the Jew is expressly against the Christian, and the Mahometan against both. For the Turk, in the Bulk he now stands, is beyond all hope of Conversion: If he fall asunder there may be conceived Hopes, but not without strong Improbabilities. The Jew is obstinate in all Fortunes; the Persecution of fifteen hundred Years hath but confirmed them in their Error: They have already endured whatsoever may be inflicted, and have suffered, in a bad Cause, even to the Condemnation of their Enemies. Persecution is a bad and an indirect Way to plant Religion: It has been the unhappy Method of angry Devotions, not only to confirm honest Religion, but wicked Heresies, and extravagant Opinions. It was the first Stone and Basis of our Faith, none can more justly boast of Persecutions, and glory in the Number and Valour of Martyrs: For, to speak properly, those are true and almost only Examples of Fortitude: Those that are fetched from the Field, or drawn from the Actions of the Camp, are not oft-times so truly Precedents of Valour as Audacity, and at the best attain but to some bastard-piece of Fortitude: If we shall strictly examine the Circumstances and Requisites which *Aristotle* requires to true and perfect Valour, we shall find the Name only in his Master *Alexander*; and as little in that Roman Worthy *Julius Cæsar*; and if any, in that easy and active Way, have done so nobly as to deserve that Name, yet in the passive and more terrible Piece these have surpassed, and in a more heroical Way may claim the Honour of that Title. It is not in the Power of every honest Faith to proceed thus far, or pass to Heaven through the Flames: Every one hath it not in that full Measure, nor in so audacious and resolute a Temper, as to endure those terrible Tests
and

and Tryals; who notwithstanding in a peaceable way adore their Saviour, and have (no doubt) a Faith acceptable in the Eyes of God.

§ 26. Now as all that die in the War, are not termed Soldiers, so neither can I properly term all those that suffer in Matters of Religion, Martyrs. The Council of *Constance* condemns * *John Huss* for an Heretic; the Stories of his own Party stile him a Martyr: He must need offend the Divinity of both, that says he was neither the one nor the other: There are many (questionless) canonized on Earth, that shall never be Saints in Heaven; and have their Names in Histories and Martyrologies, who in the Eyes of God are not so perfect Martyrs, as was that wise Hea-then *Socrates*, who suffered upon a fundamental Point of Religion, the Unity of God. I have often pitied the miserable Bishop that suffered in the Cause of *Antipodes*; yet cannot chuse but accuse him of as much Madness, for exposing his Living on such a Trifle, as those of Ignorance and Folly who condemned him. I think my Conscience will not give me the Lie, if I say there are not many extant, who in a noble way fear the Face of Death less than myself; yet from the moral Duty I owe to the Commandment of God, and the natural Respects that I tender unto the Conservation of my Essence and Being, I would not perish upon a Ceremony, Politic Points, or Indifferency: Nor is my Belief of that untractable Temper, as not to bow at their Obstacles, or connive at Matters wherein there are not manifest Impieties: The Leaven therefore and ferment of all, not only Civil, but Religious Actions, is Wisdom, without which, to commit ourselves to the Flames, is Homicide, and (I fear) but to pass through one Fire into another.

* See *Aeneas Sylvius's* 3d Chapter of his *History* of Bohemia. But in what Manner, and for what he suffered, is largely recorded in the *History of Martyrs*

§ 27. That Miracles are ceased, I can neither prove, nor absolutely deny, much less define the Time and Period of their Cessation: That they survived Christ, is manifest upon the Record of Scripture: That they out-lived the Apostles also, and were revived at the Conversion of Nations, many Years after, we cannot deny, if we shall not question those Writers, whose Testimonies we do not controvert in Points which make for our own Opinions; therefore that may have some Truth in it which is reported by the Jesuits of their Miracles in the *Indies*; I could wish it were true, or had any other Testimony than their own Pens. They may easily believe those Miracles abroad, who daily conceive a greater at home, the Transmutation of those visible Elements into the Body and Blood of our Saviour*: For the Conversion of Water into Wine, which he wrought in *Cana*, or what the Devil would have had him done in the Wilderness, of Stones into Bread, compared to this, will scarce deserve the Name of a Miracle. Though indeed to speak properly, there is not one Miracle greater than another, they being the extraordinary Effects of the Hand of God, to which all things are of an equal Facility; and to create the World as easy as one single Creature. For this is also a Miracle, not only to produce Effects against, or above Nature, but † before Nature; and to create Nature as great a Miracle, as to contradict or transcend her. We do too narrowly define the Power of God, restraining it to our Capacities. I hold that God can do all things; how he should work Contradictions I do not understand, yet dare not therefore deny. I cannot see why the Angel of God should question *Esdra*s to recall the Time past, if it were beyond his own Power; or that God should pose Mortality in that which he was not able to per-

* This was the first Miracle Christ wrought, *John* 2.

† That is before the World was created.

form himself. I will not say God cannot, but he will not perform many things, which we plainly affirm he cannot: This I am sure is the mannerliest Proposition, wherein notwithstanding, I hold no Paradox. For strictly his Power is the same with his Will, and they both with all the rest do make but one God.

§ 28. Therefore that Miracles have been, I do believe; that they may yet be wrought by the Living, I do not deny: But have no Confidence in those which are fathered on the Dead; and this hath ever made me suspect the Efficacy of Relicks *, to examine the Bones, question the Habits, and Appurtenances of Saints, and even of Christ himself. I cannot conceive why the Cross that *Helena* found †, and whereon Christ himself died, should have Power to restore others unto Life. I excuse not *Constantine* from a Fall off his Horse, or a Mischiefe from his Enemies, upon the wearing those Nails on his Bridle, which our Saviour bore upon the Cross in his Hands. I compute among *Religious Frauds*, not many Degrees before consecrated Swords and Roses ‡, that which *Baldwin* King of *Jerusalem* returned the *Genoese* for their Cost and Pains in his War, to wit, the Ashes of *John* the *Baptist*. Those that hold the Sanctity of their Souls doth leave behind a Tincture and sacred Faculty

* The *Papists* boast much of the Power of Saints Relicks, because the Bones of *Elisba* raised a Man from the Dead: And the Hem of Christ's Garment cured a Person of a Flux of Blood: Imagining that Relicks still have the same Power. *Aldegonde* says, that the *Roman Catholics* boast of having the Cross, the Nails, and Launce used at the Crucifixion of Christ, and the Manger he lay in; the Tail of the Ass he rode upon to *Jerusalem*; and the Cord with which *Judas* hanged himself: And that they worship these Things for the Virtue that is in them. See chap. 3. lib. 4.

† See *Nicephorus's Ecclesiastical History*, Lib. 8. Chap. 29.

‡ The Popes used to send Swords to those Princes who made War against the Enemies of the Church. One of these Swords is to be seen in the *Tower of London*, which was sent by Pope *Leo X.* to *Henry VIII.* when he Honoured him with the Title of Defender of the Faith.

on their Bodies, speak naturally of Miracles, and do not salve the Doubt. Now one Reason I tender so little Devotion unto Relicks, is, I think the slender and doubtful Respect I have always held unto Antiquities: For that indeed which I admire is far before Antiquity, that is, Eternity; and that is God himself; who though he be stiled the ancient of Days *, cannot receive the Adjunct of Antiquity, who was before the World, and shall be after it, yet is not older than it; for in his Years there is no Climacter †, his Duration is Eternity and far more venerable than Antiquity.

§ 29. But above all Things I wonder how the Curiosity of wiser Heads could pass that great and indisputable Miracle, the Cessation of Oracles; and in what Swoon their Reasons lay, to content themselves, and sit down with such a far-fetch'd and ridiculous Reason as *Plutarch* alledgeth for it. The *Jews* that can believe the supernatural Solstice of the Sun in the Days of *Joshua* ‖, have yet the Impudence to deny the ** Eclipse, which every Pagan confessed at his Death: But for this, it is evident beyond all Contradiction, the Devil himself confessed it ††. Certainly it is not a warrantable Curiosity, to examine the Verity of Scripture by the Concordance of human History, or seek to confirm the Chronicle of *Esther* or *Daniel*, by the Authority of *Magasthenes* or *Herodotus* ‖‖. I confess I have had an unhappy Curiosity this Way, till I laughed myself out of it with a

* God is so called, *Dan.* 7. 9.

† The Grand Climacteric is the sixty third Year of a Man's Life.

‖ Touching this, see *Jos.* B. 10 and 13.

** See *Luke* 23. 44, 45. And it was about the sixth Hour, and there was Darknes over the whole Earth till the ninth Hour. And the Sun was darkned.

†† In his Oracle to St. *Augustus*.

‖‖ There was one *Magasthenes* who wrote of the *Indies*, of whom *Pliny*, *Strabo*, and *Josephus* often make mention; but no body mentions a *Magasthenes* who wrote of the Affairs of *Persia*, and the Authority of *Herodotus* is little esteemed.

Piece of *Justin*, where he delivers that the Children of *Israel* for being scabbed were banished out of *Egypt*. And truly since I have understood the Occurrences of the World, and know in what counterfeit Shapes, and deceitful Vizors, Times present represent on the Stage Things past; I do believe them little more than Things to come. Some have been of my Opinion, and endeavoured to write the History of their own Lives; wherein *Moses* has out-gone them all, and left not only the Story of his Life, but as some will have it of his Death also *.

§ 30. It is a Riddle to me how this Story of Oracles hath not wormed out of the World that doubtful Conceit of Spirits and † Witches; how so many learned Heads should so far forget their Metaphysics, and destroy the Ladder and Scale of Creatures, as to question the Existence of Spirits: For my Part, I have ever believed, and do now know, that there are Witches; they that doubt of these do not only deny them, but Spirits; and are obliquely, and upon Consequence a Sort, not of Infidels, but Atheists. Those that to confute their Incredulity desire to see Apparitions, shall questionless never behold any, nor have the Power to be so much as Witches: The Devil hath them already in a Heresy, as capital as Witchcraft; and to appear to them, were but to convert them. Of all the Delusions wherewith he deceives Mortality, there is not any that puzzleth me more than the Legerdmain of *Changelings*; I do not credit those Transformations of reasonable Creatures into Beasts, or that the Devil hath a Power to

* Those who are of Opinion that *Moses* wrote the Five Books, ought also to believe that he wrote the History of his Death. I had rather believe that he did not write the fifth Book; but some conclude from thence that he wrote none at all.

† It is Impossible to make a just Conclusion in this Affair, because ancient Historiographers concerning Oracles have contradicted each other in their Relations.

transpeciate a Man into a Horſe ||, who tempted Chriſt (as a Tryal of his Divinity) to convert but Stones into Bread. I could believe that Spirits uſe with Man the Act of Carnality, and that in both Sexes; I conceive they may aſſume, ſteal, or contrive a Body, wherein there may be Action enough to content decrepit Luſt, or Paſſion to ſatisfy more active Veneries; yet in both, without a Poſſibility of Generation: And therefore the Opinion, that Antichriſt ſhould be born of the Tribe of *Dan* *, by Conjunction with the Devil, is ridiculous, and a Conceit fitter for a *Rabbin* than a Chriſtian. I hold that the Devil doth really poſſeſs ſome Men; the Spirit of Melancholy others; the Spirit of Deluſion others; that as the Devil is concealed and denied by ſome, ſo God and good Angels are pretended by others, whereof the late Deſection of the Maid of *Germany* † hath left a pregnant Example.

§ 31. Again, I believe all that uſe Sorceries, Incantations, and Spells, are not Witches, or as we term them Magicians; I conceive there is a traditional Magic, not learned immediately from the Devil, but at ſecond Hand from his Scholars, who having once the Secret betrayed, are able, and do empirically praſtiſe without his Advice, they proceeding upon the Principles of Nature; where Actives aptly conjoined to diſpoſed Paſſives, will under any Maſter produce their Effects. Thus I think at firſt a Part of Philoſophy was Witchcraft, which being afterwards derived to one another, proved but Philoſophy, and was indeed no more but the honeſt Effects of Nature: What invented by us is Philoſophy, learned

|| The ancient Pagans were of this Opinion. *Ovid* in the 3d Book of his *Metam.* deſcribes in what Manner *Ulyſſes's* Sailors were changed into Hogs. *Camerarius* alſo makes mention of ſuch Things in his *Horæ Sub.*

* See *St. Auſtin* upon that Subject in his *Treatiſe upon Antichriſt*, from whence it appears, that this was an ancient Opinion.

† We do not certainly know who that Maid was.

from

from him is Magic. We do surely owe the Discovery of many Secrets to the Discovery of good and bad Angels. I could never pass that Sentence of *Paracelsus*, without an Asterisk, or Annotation; *Our good Angel reveals many Things to those who seek into the Works of Nature.* I do think that many Mysteries ascribed to our own Inventions, have been the courteous Revelations of Spirits; for those noble Essences in Heaven bear a friendly Regard unto their fellow Nature on Earth; and therefore believe that those many Prodigies and ominous Prognostics, which fore-run the Ruins of States, Princes, and private Persons, are the charitable Premonitions of good Angels, which more careless Enquiries term but the Effects of Chance and Nature.

§ 32. Now besides these particular and divided Spirits, there may be (for aught I know) an universal and common Spirit to the whole World. It was the Opinion of * *Plato*, and it is yet of the *Hermetical* Philosophers: If there be a common Nature that unites and tyes the scattered and divided individuals into one Species, why may there not be one that unites them all? However, I am sure there is a common Spirit that plays within us, yet makes no Part in us: And that is the Spirit of God, the Fire and Scintillation of that noble and mighty Essence, which is the Life and radical Heat of Spirits, and those Essences that know not the Virtue of the Sun, a Fire quite contrary to the Fire of Hell: This is that gentle Heat that brooded on the Waters, and in six Days hatched the World; this is that Irradiation that dispels the Mists of Hell, the Clouds of Horror, Fear, Sorrow, Despair; and preserves the Region of the Mind in Serenity: Whatsoever feels not the warm Gale, and gentle Ventilation of this Spirit, (though I feel his Pulse) I dare not say he lives; for

* This Opinion of his, is to be found in his *Parmenidis* and *Timæus*.

truly without this, to me there is no Heat under the Tropic ; nor any Light, though I dwelt in the Body of the Sun.

As when the labouring Sun hath wrought his Track
Up to the Top of lofty *Cancer's* Back,
The Icy Ocean cracks, the frozen Pole
Thaws with the Heat of the Celestial Coal ;
So when thy absent Beams begin t' impart
Again a Solstice on my frozen Heart,
My Winter's o'er, my drooping Spirits sing,
And ev'ry Part revives into a Spring.
But if thy quickning Beams a while decline,
And with their Light bless not this Orb of mine,
A chilly Frost surprizeth every Member,
And in the midst of *June* I feel *December*.
O how this earthly Temper doth abase
The noble Soul, in this her humble Place.
Whose Wingy-Nature ever doth aspire
To reach that Place whence first it took its Fire.
These Flames I feel which in my Heart do dwell,
Are not thy Beams, but take their Fire from Hell.
O quench them all, and let thy Light Divine,
Be as the Sun to this poor Orb of mine ;
And to thy sacred Spirit convert those Fires,
Whose Earthly Fumes choak my devout Aspires.

§ 33. Therefore for Spirits, I am so far from denying their Existence, that I could easily believe, that not only whole Countries, but particular Persons have their Tutelary and Guardian Angels* : It is not a new Opinion of the Church of *Rome*, but an old one of *Pythagoras* and *Plato* ; there is no Heresy in it ; and if not manifestly defined in Scripture, yet is an Opinion of a good and wholesome Use in the Course and Actions of a Man's Life, and would serve as an *Hypothesis* to salve many Doubts, whereof com-

* *David* seems to be of this Opinion in the 34th *Psalms*, where he says, *The Angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them.* And *Psalms* 91, he saith, *For he shall give his Angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy Ways. They shall bear thee up in their Hands, lest thou dash thy Foot against a Stone.* Besides these Two excellent Places, many others may be had from Scripture to prove that Angels attended the Saints.

mon Philosophy affordeth no Solution. Now if you demand my Opinion and Metaphysics of their Natures, I confess them very shallow, most of them in a negative Way, like that of God; or in a Comparative, between ourselves and Fellow-creatures; for there is in this Universe, a Stair, or manifest Scale of Creatures, rising not disorderly, or in Confusion, but with a comely Method and Proportion. Between Creatures of meer Existence and Things of Life, there is a large Disproportion of Nature; between Plants and Animals, of Creatures of Sense, a wider Difference; between them and Man, a far greater: And if the Proportion hold on, between Man and Angels, there should be yet a greater *. We do not comprehend their Natures, who retain the first Definition of *Porphiry*, and distinguish them from ourselves by Immortality; for before his Fall, it is thought, Man also was Immortal; yet must we needs affirm that he had a different Essence from the Angels; having therefore no certain Knowledge of their Natures, it is no bad Method of the Schools, whatsoever Perfection we find obscurely in ourselves, in a more compleat and absolute Way to ascribe unto them. I believe they have an extemporary Knowledge, and upon the first Motion of their Reason do what we cannot without Study or Deliberation; that they know Things by their Forms, and define by specifical Difference what we describe by Accidents and Properties; and therefore Probabilities to us may be Demonstrations unto them: That they have Knowledge not only of the specifical, but numerical Forms of Individuals, and understand by what reserved Difference each single *Hypostasis* (besides the Relation to its Species) becomes its numerical Self. That as the Soul hath a Power to move the Body it informs, so

* David has observed this in his 8th Psalm, *For thou hast made him a little lower than the Angels, and hast crowned him with Glory and Honour.*

there

there is a Faculty to move any, though inform none; ours upon restraint of Time, Place and Distance; but that invisible Hand that conveyed *Habakkuk* to the Lions Den, or *Philip* to *Azotus*, infringeth this Rule, and hath a secret Conveyance, wherewith Mortality is not acquainted: If they have that intuitive Knowledge, whereby, as in Reflexion, they behold the Thoughts of one another, I cannot peremptorily deny but they know a great Part of ours. They who to refute the Invocation of Saints, have denied that they have any Knowledge of our Affairs below, have proceeded too far, and must pardon my Opinion, till I can thoroughly answer that Piece of Scripture, *At the Conversion of a Sinner the Angels in Heaven rejoice*. I cannot with those in that great Father securely interpret the Work of the first Day, *Let there be Light*, to the Creation of Angels; though I confess there is not any Creature that hath so near a Glimpse of their Nature, as Light in the Sun and Elements. We stile it a bare Accident, but where it subsists alone, it is a spiritual Substance, and may be an Angel; in brief, conceive Light invisible, and that is a Spirit.

§ 34 These are certainly the Magisterial and Master-Pieces of the Creator, the Flower, or (as we may say) the best Part of Nothing, actually existing, what we are but in Hopes and Probability; we are only that amphibious Piece between a corporal and spiritual Essence, that middle Form, that links those two together, and makes good the Method of God and Nature, that jumps not from Extreame, but unites the incompatible Distances by some middle and participating Natures: That we are the Breath and Similitude of God, it is indisputable, and upon Record of Holy Scripture; but to call ourselves a Microcosm, or little World, I thought it only a pleasant Trope of Rhetoric, till my near Judgment and second Thoughts told me there was a real Truth therein: For first, we
are

are a rude Mass, and in the Rank of Creatures, which only are, and have a dull Kind of Being, not yet privileged with Life, or preferred to Sense or Reason; next we live the Life of Plants, the Life of Animals, the Life of Men, and at last the Life of Spirits, running on in one mysterious Nature those five Kinds of Existences, which comprehend the Creatures not only of the World, but of the Universe; thus is Man that great and true *Amphibium*, whose Nature is disposed to live not only like other Creatures in divers Elements, but in divided and distinguished Worlds: For though there be but One to Sense, there are Two to Reason; the one visible, the other invisible, whereof *Moses* seems to have left Description, and of the other so obscurely, that some Parts thereof are yet in Controversy. And truly for the first Chapter of *Genesis* *, I must confess a great deal of Obscurity; though Divines have to the Power of Human Reason endeavoured to make all go in a literal Meaning, yet those allegorical Interpretations are also probable, and perhaps the mystical Method of *Moses* bred up in the Hieroglyphical Schools of the *Aegyptians* †.

§ 35. Now for that immaterial World, methinks we need not wander so far as beyond the first Moveable; for even in this material Fabric, the Spirits walk as freely exempt from the Affection of Time, Place and Motion, as beyond the extreamest Circumference: Do but extract from the Corpulency of Bodies, or resolve Things beyond their first Matter, and you discover the Habitation of Angels, which if I call the Ubiquitary, and omnipresent Essence of God, I hope I shall not offend Divinity: For before the

* It was a Rule among the *Jewish* Preceptors, that their Disciples should not read the first Chapter of *Genesis*; the *Canticles* of *Solomon*; nor the latter Part of *Ezekiel*, till they were Thirty Years old.

† The *Aegyptians* used to express their Thoughts of Divine Things by Characters and Images, many of which still remain, but are difficult to be explained.

Creation of the World, God was really all Things. For the Angels he created no new World, or determinate Mansion, and therefore they are every where, where is his Essence; and do live at a Distance even in himself. That God made all Things for Man, is in some Sense true, yet not so far as to subordinate the Creation of those purer Creatures unto ours, though as ministring Spirits they do, and are willing to fulfil the Will of God in these lower and sublunary Affairs of Man: God made all Things for himself, and it is impossible he should make them for any other End than his own Glory; it is all he can receive, and all that is without himself: For Honour being an external Adjunct, and in the Honourer rather than in the Person honoured, it was necessary to make a Creature, from whom he might receive his Homage, and that is in the other World, Angels, in this, Man; which when we neglect, we forget the very End of our Creation, and may justly provoke God, not only to repent that he hath made the World, but that he hath sworn he would not destroy it. That there is but one World, is a Conclusion of Faith. *Aristotle* with all his Philosophy hath not been able to prove it, and as weakly that the World was Eternal; that Dispute much troubled the Pens of the Philosophers, but *Moses* decided that Question, and all is salved with the new Term of a Creation, that is, a Production of Something out of Nothing, and what is that? Whatsoever is opposite to Something; or more exactly, that which is truly contrary unto God: For he only is, all others have an Existence with Dependency, and are sometime but by a Distinction; and herein is Divinity conformant unto Philosophy, and Generation not only founded on Contrarieties, but also Creation; God being all Things, is contrary unto nothing, out of which were made all Things, and so nothing became something, and *Omniety* informed *Nullity* into an Essence.

§ 36. The whole Creation is a Mystery, and particularly that of Man; at the Blast of his Mouth were the rest of the Creatures made, and at his bare Word they started out of Nothing: But in the Frame of Man (as the Text describes it) he played the sensible Operator, and seemed not so much to create, as make him; when he had separated the Materials of other Creatures, there consequently resulted a Form and Soul; but having raised the Walls of Man, he has driven to a second and harder Creation of a Substance like himself, an incorruptible and immortal Soul. For these two Affections we have the Philosophy and Opinion of the Heathens, the flat Affirmative of *Plato*, and not a Negative from *Aristotle*: There is another Scruple cast in by Divinity (concerning its Production) much disputed in the *German* Auditories, and with that Indifferency and Equality of Arguments, as leave the Controversy undetermined. I am not of *Paracelsus's* Mind, who boldly delivers a Receipt to make a Man without Conjunction; yet cannot but wonder at the Multitude of Heads that do deny Traduction, having no other Argument to confirm their Belief, than that Rhetorical Sentence, and Transposition of Words of *St. Augustine*, *By Creating it, it is Infused, and by Infusing it, it is Created*. Either Opinion will consist well enough with Religion; yet I should rather incline to this, did not one Objection haunt me, not wrung from Speculations and Subtilties, but from common Sense and Observation; not picked from the Leaves of any Author, but bred amongst the Weeds and Tares of mine own Brain: And this is a Conclusion from the equivocal and monstrous Productions in the Copulation of a Man with a Beast; for if the Soul of Man be not transmitted, and transfused in the Seed of the Parents, why are not those Productions meerly Beasts, but have also an Impression and Tincture of Reason in as high a Measure, as it can evidence it self in those improper Organs?

Organs? Nor truly can I peremptorily deny, that the Soul in this her sublunary Estate, is wholly, and in all Acceptions Inorganical; but that for the Performance of her ordinary Actions, there is required not only a Symmetry and proper Disposition of Organs, but a Crasis and Temper correspondent to its Operations. Yet is not this Mass of Flesh and visible Structure the Instrument and proper Corps of the Soul; but rather of Sense, and that the Hand of Reason. In our Study of Anatomy there is a Mass of mysterious Philosophy, and such as reduced the very Heathens to Divinity; yet amongst all those rare Discourses, and curious Pieces I find in the Fabric of Man, I do not so much content myself, as in that I find not, there is no Organ or Instrument for the rational Soul: For in the Brain*, which we term the Seat of Reason, there is not any Thing of Moment more than I can discover in the Cranny of a Beast: And this is a sensible and no inconsiderable Argument of the Inorganity of the Soul, at least in that Sense we usually so conceive it. Thus we are Men, and we know not how; there is something in us that can be without us, and will be after us, though it is strange that it hath no History what it was before us, nor cannot tell how it entred in us.

§ 37. Now for these Walls of Flesh, wherein the Soul doth seem to be immured, before the Resurrection, it is nothing but an Elemental Composition, and a Fabric that must fall to Ashes. *All Flesh is Grass*, is not only metaphorically, but literally true; for all those Creatures we behold, are but the Herbs of the Field, digested into Flesh in them, or more remotely carnified in ourselves. Nay farther, we are what we all abhor, *Anthropophagi* and Cannibals, Devourers not only of Men, but of our selves; and that not in an Allegory, but a positive Truth: For all this

* The *Glandula Pinealis*, in which the *Cartesians* placed the Seat of the Soul, is found in Beasts as well as Men.

Mass of Flesh which we behold, came in at our Mouths; this Frame we look upon, hath been upon our Trenchers; in brief, we have devoured ourselves. I cannot believe the Wisdom of *Pythagoras* did ever positively, and in a literal Sense, affirm his *Metempsychosis*, or impossible Transmigration of the Souls of Men into Beasts: Of all Metamorphoses, or Transmigrations, I believe only one, that is of *Lot's* Wife, *Gen. xix. 26.* for that of *Nebuchadnezzar*, *Dan. iv. 29.* proceeded not so far; in all others I conceive there is no farther Verity than is contained in their implicit Sense and Morality. I believe that the whole Frame of a Beast doth perish, and is left in the same State after Death, as before it was materialled unto Life; that the Souls of Men know neither Contrary nor Corruption; that they subsist beyond the Body, and outlive Death by the Privilege of their proper Natures, and without a Miracle; the Souls of the Faithful, as they leave the Earth, take Possession of Heaven; that those Apparitions and Ghosts of departed * Persons, are not the wandering Souls of Men, but the unquiet Walks of Devils, prompting and suggesting us into Mischief, Blood, and Villany, instilling, and stealing into our Hearts; that the blessed Spirits are not at rest in their Graves, but wander solicitous of the Affairs of the World; but that those Phantasms appear often, and do frequent Cœmeteries, Charnel-houses, and Churches, it is because those are the Dormitories of the Dead, where the Devil, like an insolent Champion, beholds with Pride the Spoils and Trophies of his Victory over *Adam*.

§ 38. This is that dismal Conquest we all deplore, that makes us so often cry, *O! Adam, What hast thou done?* I thank God I have not those strait Ligaments,

* *Solomon, Eccles. ix. 10.* confirms this: *Whatsoever thy Hand findeth to do, do it with thy Might; for there is no Work, nor Device, nor Knowledge, nor Wisdom in the Grave whither thou goest.*

or narrow Obligations to the World, as to doat on Life, or be convulsed and tremble at the Name of Death: Not that I am insensible of the Dread and Horror thereof, or by raking into the Bowels of the Deceased, continual Sight of Anatomies, Skeletons, or Cadaverous-relicks, like Vespilloes, or Grave-makers, I am become Stupid, or have forgot the Apprehension of Mortality; but that marshalling all the Horrors, and contemplating the Extremities thereof, I find not any Thing therein able to daunt the Courage of a Man, much less a well resolved Christian. And therefore am not angry at the Error of our first Parents, or unwilling to bear a Part of this common Fate, and like the best of them to die*, that is, to cease to breathe, to take a Farewel of the Elements, to be a Kind of Nothing for a Moment, to be within one Instant of a Spirit. When I take a full View and Circle of myself, without this reasonable Moderator, and equal Piece of Justice, Death, I do conceive myself the miserablest Person extant; were there not another Life that I hope for, all the Vanities of this World should not intreat a Moment's Breath from me: Could the Devil work my Belief to imagine I could never die, I would not outlive that very Thought; I have so abject a Conceit of this common Way of Existence, this retaining to the Sun and Elements, I cannot think this to be a Man, or to live according to the Dignity of Humanity: In Expectation of a better, I can with Patience embrace this Life, yet in my best Meditations do often defy Death: I honour any Man that contemns it, nor can I highly love any that is afraid of it: This makes me naturally love a Soldier, and honour those tattered and contemptible Regiments, that will die at the Command of a Serjeant. For a Pagan there may be

* I do not believe any People in the World Die with more Resolution than those Women in the *Indies*, who throw themselves into the Fire after their dead Husbands.

some Motives to be in love with Life; but for a Christian to be amazed at Death, I see not how he can escape this Dilemma, that he is too sensible of this Life, or hopeless of the Life to come.

§ 39. Some Divines count *Adam* thirty Years old at his Creation, because they suppose him created in the perfect Age and Stature of Man. And surely we are all out of the Computation of our Age, and every Man is some Months older than he bethinks him; for we live, move, have a Being, and are subject to the Actions of the Elements, and the Malice of Diseases, in that other World, the truest Microcosm, the Womb of our Mother. For besides that general and common Existence we are conceived to hold in our *Chaos*, and whilst we sleep within the Bosom of our Causes, we enjoy a Being and Life in three distinct Worlds, wherein we receive most manifest Gradations: In that obscure World and Womb of our Mother, our Time is short, computed by the Moon; yet longer than the Days of many Creatures that behold the Sun *, ourselves being not yet without Life, Sense, and Reason; though for the Manifestations of its Actions, it awaits the Opportunity of Objects, and seems to live there but in its Root and Soul of Vegetation; entring afterwards upon the Scene of the World, we arise up and become another Creature, performing the reasonable Actions of Man, and obscurely manifesting that Part of Divinity in us, but not in Complement and Perfection till we have once more cast our Secondine, that is, this Slough of Flesh, and are delivered into the last World, that is, that ineffable Place of *St. Paul*, that proper Place of Spirits. The smattering I have of the Philosophers Stone † (which is something more than the perfect

* *Ælianus* mentions an Animal, called *Ephemerus*, that lives but nine Days. The Life of Silk-Worms, and many Insects, is very short.

† Many Men have set their Heads to work, and spent immense Sums in Search of it; but they have not hitherto succeeded.

Exaltation of Gold) hath taught me a great deal of Divinity, and instructed my Belief, how that immortal Spirit, and incorruptible Substance of my Soul, may lie obscure, and sleep a while within this House of Flesh. Those strange and mystical Transmigrations that I have observed in Silk-worms, turned my Philosophy into Divinity. There is in these Works of Nature, which seem to puzzle Reason, something Divine, and hath more in it, than the Eye of a common Spectator doth discover.

§ 40. I am naturally bashful, nor hath Conversation, Age, or Travel, been able to effront, or enharden me; yet I have one part of Modesty, which I have seldom discovered in another, that is, (to speak truly) I am not so much afraid of Death, as ashamed thereof; it is the very Disgrace and Ignominy of our Natures, that in a Moment can so disfigure us, that our nearest Friends, Wife and Children stand afraid and start at us. The Birds and Beasts of the Field, that before in a natural Fear obeyed us, forgetting all Allegiance begin to prey upon us. This very Conceit hath in a Tempest disposed and left me willing to be swallowed up in the Abyss of Waters; wherein I had perished unseen, unpitied, without wondering Eyes, Tears of Pity, Lectures of Mortality, and none had said, *O how changed he is from what he was before!* Not that I am ashamed of the Anatomy of my Parts, or can accuse Nature for playing the Bungler in any Part of me, or my own vicious Life for contracting any shameful Disease upon me, whereby I might not call myself as wholsom a Morsel for the Worms as any.

§ 41. Some upon the Courage of a fruitful Issue, wherein, as in the truest Chronicle, they seem to out-live themselves, can with greater patience away with Death. This Conceit and counterfeit subsisting in our Progenies, seems to be a meer Fallacy, unworthy the Desires of a Man that can but conceive a Thought.

Thought of the next World ; who in a nobler Ambition, should desire to live in his Substance in Heaven, rather than his Name and Shadow in the Earth. And therefore at my Death I mean to take a total Adieu of the World, not caring for a Monument, History, or Epitaph, not so much as the Memory of my Name to be found any where, but in the Universal Register of God. I am not yet so Cynical, as to approve the Testament of *Diogenes* *, nor do I altogether allow that *Rodomontado* of *Lucan* ;

—— Cælo tegitur, qui non habet urnam.

He that unburied lies wants not his Herse,
For unto him a Tomb's the Universe.

But commend in my calmer Judgment, those ingenious Intentions † that desire to sleep by the Urns of their Fathers, and ‖ strive to go the nearest Way unto Corruption. I do not envy the Temper of Crows and Daws, nor the numerous and weary Days of our Fathers before the Flood. If there be any

* *Diogenes* desired he might be left unburied after his Death ; but his Friends objected to this, That he would be devoured by wild Beasts. To which he answered, Then put a Stick into my Hand that I may drive them away. They replied, He would have neither Motion, or Sight, when he was dead. You mistake says *Diogenes*, as I shall have neither Motion or Sight when I am dead, what care I where I am, or what consumes me. But, said his Friends, as you always live here alone, who will carry you out of your House? To which he answered, those who want my House to use, will take care to carry me out. *Cic. lib. 1. Tus. Quæst.*

† When the Patriarch *Jacob* was upon his Death-Bed, he spoke to *Joseph* and said, *If now I have found Grace in thy Sight, put, I pray thee, thy Hand under my Thigh, and deal kindly and truly with me, bury me not, I pray thee, in Ægypt. But I will lye with my Fathers, and thou shalt carry me out of Ægypt, and bury me in their Burying-place.* *Genes. xlvii. 29, 30.*

‖ In *China* every one buys himself a Coffin, according as he is rich ; and he that is Old, and happens to have none, is very uneasy, because he that dies without, is burnt to Ashes, and his Ashes are buried. *Alvat. Relat. de la China.*

Truth in Astrology, I may outlive a * Jubilee ; as yet I have not seen one Revolution of † *Saturn*, nor hath my Pulse beat thirty Years ; and yet, excepting one, have seen the Ashes, and left under Ground, all the Kings of *Europe* ; have been Contemporary to Three Emperors, Four Grand Seigniors, and as many Popes : Methinks I have outlived myself, and begin to be weary of the Sun ; I have shaken Hands with Delight : In my warm Blood and canicular Days, I perceive I do anticipate the Vices of Age ; the World to me is but a Dream or Mock-show, and we all therein but Pantomimes and Anticks, to my severer Contemplations.

§ 42. It is not I confess, an unlawful Prayer to desire to surpass the Days of our Saviour ‖, or wish to outlive that Age wherein he thought fittest to die ; yet if (as Divinity affirms) there shall be no gray Hairs in Heaven, but all shall rise in the perfect State of Men, we do but outlive those Perfections in this World, to be recalled unto them by a greater Miracle in the next, and run on here but to be retrograde hereafter. Were there any Hopes to outlive Vice, or a Point to be superannuated from Sin, it were worthy our Knees to implore the Days of *Methusalab*. But Age does not rectify, but incurvate our Natures, turning bad Dispositions into worser Habits, and (like Diseases) brings on incurable Vices ; for every Day as we grow weaker in Age, we grow stronger in Sin ; and the Number of our Days doth but make our Sins innumerable. The same Vice committed at Sixteen, is not the same, though it agrees in all other Circum-

* *Leviticus* xxv. 10. you will find what the *Hebrews* meant by a Jubilee Year: *And ye shall bellow the fiftieth Year, and proclaim liberty throughout all the Land unto all the Inhabitants thereof: It shall be a Jubilee unto you.*

† *Saturn* makes his Revolution round the Sun in 29 Years and 194 Hours.

‖ It is not certain to what Age Christ lived ; but it is conjectured that he was above 30 when he died.

stances,

stances, as at Forty, but swells and doubles from that Circumstance of our Ages; wherein, besides the constant and inexcusable Habit of Transgressing, the Maturity of our Judgment cuts off pretence unto Excuse or Pardon: Every Sin the oftner it is committed, the more it acquireth in the Quality of Evil; as it succeeds in Time, so it proceeds in Degrees of Badness; for as they proceed they ever multiply, and like Figures in Arithmetick, the last stands for more than all that went before it. And though I think no Man can live well once, but he that could live twice, yet for my own Part I would not live over my Hours past, or begin again the Thread of my Days: Not upon *Cicero's* Ground, because I have lived them well, but for fear I should live them worse: I find my growing Judgment daily instruct me how to be better, but my untamed Affections and confirmed Viciosity makes me daily do worse; I find in my confirmed Age the same Sins I discovered in my Youth; I committed many then, because I was a Child, and because I commit them still, I am yet an Infant. Therefore I perceive a Man may be twice a Child before the Days of Dotage, and stand in need of *Æson's* Bath before Threescore.

§ 43. And truly there goes a great deal of Providence to produce a Man's Life unto Threescore; there is more required than an able Temper for those Years; though the Radical Humours contain in it sufficient Oil for Seventy, yet I perceive in some it gives no light past Thirty: Men assign not all the Causes of long Life, that write whole Books thereof. They who found themselves on the Radical Balsom, or Vital Sulphur of the Parts, determine not why *Abel* lived not so long as *Adam*. There is therefore a Secret Gloom or Bottom of our Days; it was his Wisdom to determine them, but his perpetual and waking Providence that fulfils and accomplisheth them; wherein the Spirits, our Selves, and all the Creatures of God in

a secret and disputed way do execute his Will. Let them not therefore complain of Immaturity that die about Thirty; they fall but like the whole World, whose solid and well-composed Substance must not expect the Duration and Period of its Constitution: When all Things are completed in it, its Age is accomplished; and the last and general Fever may as naturally destroy it before Six Thousand, as me before Forty; there is therefore some other Hand that twines the Thread of Life than that of Nature: We are not only ignorant in Antipathies and Occult Qualities; our Ends are as obscure as our Beginnings; the Line of our Days is drawn by Night, and the various Effects therein by a Pencil that is invisible; wherein, though we confess our Ignorance, I am sure we do not err if we say it is the Hand of God.

§ 44. I am much taken with two Verses of *Lucan*, since I have been able, not only as we do at School, to construe, but understand,

Victoriosque Dei celant ut vivere durent,
Felix esse Mori.

We're all deluded, vainly searching Ways
To make us happy by the length of Days;
For cunningly to make's protract our Breath,
The Gods conceal the Happiness of Death.

There may be many excellent Strains in that Poet, wherewith his Stoical Genius hath liberally supplied him; and truly there are singular Pieces in the Philosophy of *Zeno*, and Doctrine of the Stoics, which I perceive, delivered in a Pulpit, pass for current Divinity: Yet herein are they in Extreame, that can allow a Man to be his own *Affassine*, and so highly extol the End and Suicide of *Cato*; this is indeed not to fear Death; but yet to be afraid of Life. It is a brave Act of Valour to contemn Death; but where Life is more terrible than Death, it is then the truest Valour to dare to live; and herein Religion
hath

hath taught us a noble Example : For all the valiant Acts of *Curtius*, *Scævola*, or *Codrus*, do not parallel or match that one of *Job* ; and sure there is no Torture to the Rack of a Disease, nor any Ponyards in Death itself, like those in the Way or Prologue to it. *E mori nolo, sed me esse mortuum nihil curo* ; I would not die, but care not to be dead. Were I of *Cæsar's* Religion, I should be of his Desires, and wish rather to go off at one Blow, than to be sawed in Pieces by the grating Torture of a Disease. Men that look no farther than their Outsides, think Health an Appurtenance unto Life, and quarrel with their Constitutions for being sick ; but I that have examined the Parts of Man, and know upon what tender Filaments that Fabric hangs, do wonder that we are not always so ; and considering the thousand Doors that lead to Death, do thank my God that we can die but once. It is not only the Mischief of Diseases, and Villany of Poisons that make an End of us ; we vainly accuse the Fury of Guns, and the new Inventions of Death ; it is in the Power of every Hand to destroy us, and we are beholden unto every one we meet he doth not kill us. There is therefore but one Comfort left, that though it be in the Power of the weakest Arm to take away Life, it is not in the strongest to deprive us of Death : God would not exempt himself from that, the Misery of the Mortality in the Flesh, he undertook ; not that which was Immortal. Certainly there is no Happiness within this Circle of Flesh, nor is it in the Optics of these Eyes to behold Felicity ; the first Day of our Jubilee is Death ; the Devil hath therefore failed of his Desires ; we are happier with Death than we should have been without it : There is no Misery but in himself, where there is no end of Misery ; and so indeed, in his own Sense, the Stoic is in the right. He forgets he can die who complains of Misery ; we are
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in the Power of no Calamity while Death is in our own.

§ 45. Now besides the literal and positive Kind of Death, there are others whereof Divines make mention, and those, I think, not meerly Metaphorical, as Mortification, dying unto Sin and the World; therefore, I say, every Man hath a double Horoscope, one of his Humanity, his Birth; another of his Christianity, his Baptism, and from this do I compute or calculate my Nativity; not reckoning those *Horæ combustæ* and odd Days, or esteeming myself any thing, before I was my Saviour's, and inrolled in the Register of Christ: Whosoever enjoys not this Life, I count him but an Apparition, though he wear about him the sensible Affections of Flesh. In these moral Acceptions, the Way to be immortal, is to die daily; nor can I think I have the true Theory of Death, when I contemplate a Skull, or behold a Skeleton with those vulgar Imaginations it cast upon us; I have therefore enlarged that common *Memento mori*, into a more Christian Memorandum, *Memento quatuor Novissima*, those four inevitable Points of us all, Death, Judgment, Heaven and Hell. Neither did the Contemplations of the Heathens rest in their Graves, without farther thought of * *Rhadamanth* or some judicial Proceeding after Death; though in another way, and upon suggestion of their natural Reasons, I cannot but marvel from what *Sybil* or Oracle they stole the Prophecy of the World's Destruction by Fire, or whence *Lucan* learned to say,

Communis Mundo superest rogos, ossibus astra Misturus——

There yet remains to th' World one common Fire,
Wherein our Bones with Stars shall make one Pyre.

* *Rhadamanthus*, according to *Apollodorus*, was the Son of *Jupiter* by *Europa*, who being a Man of extraordinary Justice and Equity, the Poets feigned that he was made a Judge in Hell, to try the Souls of the Dead. See Virgil's *Æneis*, lib. 6.

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I believe the World grows near its End, yet is neither old nor decayed, nor shall ever perish upon the Ruins of its own Principles. As the Work of Creation was above Nature, so its Adversary Annihilation; without which the World hath not its End, but its Mutation. Now what Force should be able to consume it thus far, without the Breath of God, which is the truest consuming Flame, my Philosophy cannot inform me. Some believe there went not a Minute to the World's Creation, nor shall there go to its Destruction; those six Days so punctually described, make not to them one Moment, but rather seem to manifest the Method and Idea of the great Work of the Intellect of God, than the Manner how he proceeded in its Operation. * I cannot dream that there should be at the Last Day any such Judicial Proceeding, or calling to the Bar, as indeed the Scripture seems to imply, and the literal Commentators do conceive: For unspeakable Mysteries in the Scriptures are often delivered in a vulgar and illustrative Way; and being written unto Man, are delivered, not as they truly are, but as they may be understood; wherein notwithstanding the different Interpretations, according to different Capacities, may stand firm with our Devotion, nor be any way prejudicial to each single Edification.

§ 46. Now to determine the Day and Year of this inevitable Time, is not only convincible and Statute-madness, but also manifest Impiety: How shall we interpret *Elias's* 6000 Years, or imagine the Secret

* How this Affair will be at the Day of Judgment, which is partly described to us in the Holy Scripture, we know not till the Time shall come. I think it not necessary to lose Time by bringing many Opinions upon this Point. Be satisfied with what the Apostle St. James says in his Epistle, Chap. v. Ver. 7, 8. *Be patient therefore, Bretheren, unto the coming of the Lord, Behold the Husbandman waiteth for the precious Fruits of the Earth, and bath long Patience for it, until he receive the early and latter Rain. Be ye also patient; stablish your Hearts; for the Coming of the Lord draweth nigh.*

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communicated to a Rabbi, * which God hath denied unto his Angels? It had been an excellent Quere to have posed the Devil of *Delphos*, and must needs have forced him to some strange Amphibology; it hath not only mocked the Predictions of sundry Astrologers in Ages past, but the Prophecies of many melancholy Heads in these present, who neither understanding reasonably, Things past or present, pretend a Knowledge of Things to come; Heads ordained only to manifest the incredible Effects of Melancholy, and to fulfil old Prophecies, rather than be the Authors of new. *In those Days there shall come Wars, and Rumours of Wars* †, to me seems no Prophecy, but a constant Truth, in all Times verified since it was pronounced: There shall be Signs in the Moon and Stars; how comes he then like a Thief in the Night, when he gives an Item of his Coming? That common Sign drawn from the Revelation of Anti-christ, is as obscure as any; in our common Compute he hath been come these many Years; but for my own Part, to speak freely, I am half of Opinion, that Anti-christ is the Philosopher's Stone in Divinity; for the Discovery and Invention thereof, though there be prescribed Rules, and probable Inductions, yet hath hardly any Man attained the perfect Discovery thereof. That general Opinion, that the World grows near its End, hath possessed all Ages past as nearly as ours; I am afraid, that the Souls that now depart, cannot escape that lingering Expostulation of the Saints under the Altar, *Quousque Domine?* || *How long,*

* *Christ testifies, that the Angels know not the Time, Matt. xxiv. 36. But of that Day and Hour knoweth no Man; no, not the Angels of Heaven, but my Father only.*

† *In those Days there shall come Liars and false Prophets.*

|| *These Words are taken from the sixth Chapter of St. John's Revelation, ver. 9. And when he had opened the fifth Seal, I saw under the Altar the Souls of them that were slain for the Word of God, and for the Testimony which they held; and they cried with a loud Voice, saying, How long, O Lord?*

O Lord?

O Lord? and groan in the Expectation of that great Jubilee.

§ 47. This is the Day that must make good that great Attribute of God, his Justice; that must reconcile those unanswerable Doubts that torment the wisest Understandings, and reduce those seeming Inequalities and respective Distributions in this World, to an Equality and recompensive Justice in the next. This is that one Day, that shall include and comprehend all that went before it; wherein, as in the last Scene, all the Actors must enter to compleat and make up the Catastrophe of this great Piece. This is the Day, whose Memory hath only Power to make us honest in the Dark, and to be virtuous without a Witness. *Ipsa sui pretium virtus sibi*, That Virtue is her own Reward, is but a cold Principle, and not able to maintain our variable Resolutions in a constant and settled Way of Goodness. I have practised that honest Artifice of *Seneca*, and in my retired and solitary Imaginations, to detain from the Foulness of Vice, have fancied to myself the Presence my dear and worthiest Friends, before whom I should lose my Head, rather than be Vicious; yet herein I found, that there was nought but moral Honesty, and this was not to be Virtuous for his Sake who must reward us at the Last. I have tried if I could reach that great Resolution of his, to be honest without a Thought of Heaven or Hell; and indeed I found, upon a natural Inclination, and inbred Loyalty unto Virtue, that I could serve her without a Livery; yet not in that resolved and venerable Way, but that the Frailty of my Nature, upon easy Temptation, might be induced to forget her. The Life therefore and Spirit of all our Actions, is the Resurrection, and a stable Apprehension, that our Ashes shall enjoy the Fruit of our pious Endeavours; without this, all Religion is a Fallacy, and those Impieties of *Lucian*, *Euripides* and *Julian*, are
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no Blasphemies, but subtle Verities, and Atheists have been the only Philosophers.

§ 48. How shall the Dead arise, is no Question of my Faith; to believe only Possibilities, is not Faith, but meer Philosophy. Many Things are true in Divinity, which are neither inducible by Reason, nor confirmable by Sense; and many Things in Philosophy confirmable by Sense, yet not inducible by Reason. Thus it is impossible by any solid or demonstrative Reasons to persuade a Man to believe the Conversion of the Needle to the *North*; though this be possible and true, and easily credible upon a single Experiment unto the Sense. I believe that our estranged and divided Ashes shall unite again; that our separated Dust, after so many Pilgrimages and Transformations into the Parts of Minerals, Plants, Animals, Elements, shall at the Voice of God return into their primitive Shapes, and join again to make up their primary and predestinate Forms. As at the Creation there was a Separation of that confused Mass into its Pieces; so at the Destruction thereof there shall be a Separation into its distinct Individuals. As at the Creation of the World, all the distinct Species that we behold, lay involved in one Mass, till the fruitful Voice of God separated this united Multitude into its several Species: So at the last Day, when those corrupted Relicks shall be scattered in the Wilderness of Forms, and seem to have forgot their proper Habits, God by a powerful Voice, shall command them back into their proper Shapes and call them out by their single Individuals: Then shall appear the Fertility of *Adam*, and the Magic of that Sperm that hath dilated into so many Millions. I have often beheld as a Miracle, that artificial Resurrection and Revivification of *Mercury*, how being mortified into a thousand Shapes, it assumes again its own, and returns into its numerical Self. Let us speak naturally, and like

like Philosophers, the Forms of alterable Bodies in these sensible Corruptions perish not; nor as we imagine, wholly quit their Mansions, but retire and contract themselves into their secret and unaccessible Parts, where they may best protect themselves from the Action of their Antagonist. A Plant or Vegetable consumed to Ashes, by a Contemplative and School-philosopher seems utterly destroyed, and the Form to have taken his Leave for ever. But to a sensible Artist the Forms are not perished, but withdrawn into their incombustible Part, where they lie secure from the Action, of that devouring Element. This is made good by Experience, which can from the Ashes of a Plant revive the Plant *, and from its Cinders recal it into its Stalk and Leaves again. What the Art of Man can do in these inferior Pieces, what Blasphemy is it to affirm the Finger of God cannot do in these more perfect and sensible Structures? This is that Mystical Philosophy, from whence no true Scholar becomes an Atheist; but from the visible Effects of Nature grows up a real Divine; and beholds not in a Dream, as *Ezekiel*, but in an Occular and visible Object the Types of his Resurrection.

§ 49. Now the necessary Mansions of our restored Selves, are those Two contrary and incompatible Places we call Heaven and Hell, to define them, or strictly to determine what and where these are, surpasseth my Divinity. That elegant Apostle which seemed to have a Glimpse of Heaven, hath left but a negative Description thereof; *which neither Eye hath seen, nor Ear hath heard, nor can enter into the Heart of*

* *John de Bruce* gives you an Instance of this, in a Physician at *Cracow*, who gathered the Ashes of various Plants together, which he made to shoot out into Flowers, according to the Nature of the Plants; and though there are a great many who cannot credit this, the same *De Bruce* has the following Words: This Secret is pretty well known at present, for many expert Chymists give us daily Proofs of it.

*Man**: He was translated Out of himself to behold it; but being returned Into himself, could not express it. *St. John's* Description by Emeralds, Chrysolites and precious Stones, *Revelat.* xxi. is too weak to express the material Heaven we behold. Briefly therefore, where the Soul hath the full Measure and Complement of Happiness; where the boundless Appetite of that Spirit remains compleatly satisfied, that it can neither desire Addition or Alteration, that I think is truly Heaven: And this can only be in the Enjoyment of that Essence, whose infinite Goodness is able to terminate the Desires of itself, and the unsatiable Wishes of ours; wherever God will thus manifest himself, there is Heaven, though within the Circle of this sensible World. Thus the Soul of Man may be in Heaven any where, even within the Limits of his own proper Body, and when it ceaseth to live in the Body, it may remain in its own Soul, that is, its Creator. And thus we may say that *St. Paul*, whether In the Body, or Out of the Body, was yet in Heaven. To place it in the Empyrean, or beyond the tenth Sphere, is to forget the World's Destruction; for when this sensible World shall be destroyed, all shall then be here, as it is now there, an Empyrean Heaven †, a *quasi* Vacuity; when to ask where Heaven is, is to de-

* These were not *St. Paul's* Words, where he speaks of being raised unto the third Heaven. Our Author, and several others, because it is made use of to magnify the Glory of Heaven, imagine that *St. Paul* said the same Thing of the Heaven to which he was raised. But *St. Paul* uses the same Expression, *1 Cor.* ii. 9. *That he might manifest to them, what extraordinary Heavenly Wisdom is contained in the Gospel and the Annunciation of Christ.*

† *Hobbes* in the 38th Chap. of his *Leviathan*, speaks in this Manner: The Place in which Men shall live, is in Heaven; that we ought to understand by this Heaven the most remote Part of the World, situated beyond the Stars, or a higher Heaven, which is commonly called the empyrean Heaven, whereof no mention is made in Scripture, and which has not the least Foundation in Reason, or can be drawn from any Text of the Bible with the least Appearance of Truth.

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mand where the Presence of God is, or where we have the Glory of that happy Vision. *Moses* who was bred up in all the Learning of the *Ægyptians*, committed a gross Absurdity in Philosophy, when with these Eyes of Flesh he desired to see God, and petitioned his Maker, who is Truth it self, to a Contradiction. Those that imagine Heaven and Hell Neighbours, and conceive a Vicinity between those two Extreame, upon Consequence of the Parable, where *Dives* discoursed with *Lazarus* in *Abraham's* Bosom, do too grossly conceive of those glorified Creatures, whose Eyes shall easily out-see the Sun, and behold without a Perspective the extreamest Distances? For if there shall be in our glorified Eyes, the Faculty of Sight and Reception of Objects, I could think the visible Species there to be in as unlimitable a Way as now the Intellectual. I grant that two Bodies placed beyond the Tenth Sphere, or in a Vacuity, according to *Aristotle's* Philosophy, could not behold each other, because there wants a Body or Medium to hand and transport the visible Rays of the Object unto the Sense; but when there shall be a general Defect of either Medium to convey, or Light to prepare and dispose that Medium, and yet a perfect Vision, we must suspend the Rules of our Philosophy, and make all good by a more absolute Piece of Optics.

§ 50. I cannot tell how to say that Fire is the Essence of Hell; I know not what to make of Purgatory, or conceive a Flame that can either prey upon, or purify the Substance of a Soul: Those Flames of Sulphur mentioned in the Scriptures, I take not to be understood of this present Hell, but of that to come, where Fire shall make up the Complement of our Tortures, and have a Body or Subject wherein to manifest its Tyranny. Some who have had the Honour to be Textuaries in Divinity, are of Opinion it shall be the same specifical Fire with ours. This is hard to conceive, yet can I make good how even

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that may prey upon our Bodies and yet not consume us: For in this material World, there are Bodies that persist invincible in the powerfullest Flames; and though by the Action of Fire they fall into Ignition and Liquefaction, yet will they never suffer a Destruction *. I would gladly know how *Moses* with an actual Fire calcined, or burnt the Golden Calf unto Powder: For that mystical Metal of Gold, whose Solary and Celestial Nature I admire, exposed unto the Violence of Fire, grows only Hot and Liquefies, but consumeth not: So when the consumable and volatile Pieces of our Bodies shall be refined into a more impregnable and fixed Temper, like Gold, though they suffer from the Actions of Flames, they shall never perish, but lie immortal in the Arms of Fire. And surely if this Frame must suffer only by the Action of this Element, there will many Bodies escape, and not only Heaven, but Earth will not be at an End, but rather a Beginning. For at present it is not Earth, but a Composition of Fire, Water, Earth, and Air; but at that Time, spoiled of these Ingredients, it shall appear in a Substance more like itself, its Ashes. Philosophers who Opinioned the World's Destruction by Fire, did never dream of Annihilation, which is beyond the Power of sublunary Causes; for the last Action of that Element is but Vitrication, or a Reduction of a Body into Glass; and therefore some of our Chymists facetiously affirm, that at the last Fire all shall be Crystalized and reverberated into Glass, which is the utmost Action of that Element. Nor need we fear the Term Annihilation,

* *Moses* must certainly have understood Chymistry better than they do in our Days, and must have some Secret to reduce Gold to Ashes by burning it; for in this Age it is looked upon as impossible. The Scripture ever seems to be against it; for it mentions only the Purification or Melting of Gold, as in *Malachy* iii. 2, 3. and in many other Places. But it is no where mentioned, that Gold can be reduced to Ashes, as in *Exodus* xxxii. 20. where *Moses* seems to be so expert a Chymist.

or wonder that God will destroy the Work of his Creation; For Man subsisting, who is, and will then truly appear a Microcosm, the World cannot be said to be destroyed. For the Eyes of God, and perhaps also of our glorified Selves, shall as really behold and contemplate the World in its Epitome or contracted Essence, as now it doth at large and in its dilated Substance. In the Seed of a Plant, to the Eyes of God, and to the Understanding of Man *, there exists, though in an invisible Way, the perfect Leaves, Flowers and Fruit thereof: For Things that may be to the Sense, are actually existent to the Understanding. Thus God beholds all Things, who contemplates as fully his Works in their Epitome, as in their full Volume; and beheld as amply the whole World in that little Compendium of the Sixth Day as in the scattered and dilated Pieces of those Five before.

§ 51. Men commonly set forth the Torments of Hell by Fire, and the Extremity of Corporal Afflictions, and describe Hell in the same Method that *Mahomet* doth Heaven. This indeed makes a Noise, and drums in popular Ears: But if this be the terrible Piece thereof, it is not worthy to stand in the Diameter with Heaven, whose Happiness consists in that Part which is best able to comprehend it, that immortal Essence, that translated Divinity and Colony of God, the Soul. Surely though we place Hell under Earth, the Devil's Walk and Purlieu is about it: Men speak too popularly who place it in those flaming Mountains†, which to grosser Apprehensions represent Hell. The Heart of Man is the Place the Devils dwell in; I feel

* A worthy Friend of mine in *Holland* assured me, upon very good Reasons, that he knew what Colour the Leaves of a Tulip would be of, by the Heart of the Root.

† There are several Mountains in the World which continually throw out Fire, as Mount *Ætna* in *Sicily*, Mount *Hecla* in *Iceland*, Mount *Vesuvius*, which is within eight Leagues of *Naples*; and because these Mountains cast out Fire, there are People simple enough to believe, that these are the Mouths of Hell.

sometimes a Hell within myself; *Lucifer* keeps his Court in my Breast; *Legion* is revived in me: There are as many Hells, as *Anaxagoras* conceited Worlds: There was more than one Hell in *Magdalene*, when there were seven Devils; for every Devil is an Hell unto himself; he holds enough of Torture in his own *Ubi*, and needs not the Misery of Circumference to afflict him. And thus a distracted Conscience here, is a Shadow or Introduction unto Hell hereafter. Who can but pity the merciless Intention of those Hands that do destroy themselves? The Devil were it in his Power, would do the like; which being impossible, his Miseries are endless, and he suffers most in that Attribute wherein he is impassible, his Immortality.

§ 52. I thank God that with Joy I mention it, I was never afraid of Hell, nor never grew pale at the Description of that Place, I have so fixed my Contemplations on Heaven, that I have almost forgot the Idea of Hell, and am afraid rather to lose the Joys of the One, than endure the Misery of the Other; to be deprived of them is a perfect Hell, and needs methinks no Addition to compleat our Afflictions; that terrible Term hath never detained me from Sin, nor do I owe any good Action to the Name thereof: I fear God, yet am not afraid of him; his Mercies make me ashamed of my Sins, before his Judgments afraid thereof: These are the forced and secondary Methods of his Wisdom, which he useth but as the last Remedy, and upon Provocation; a Course rather to deter the Wicked, than incite the Virtuous to his Worship. I can hardly think there was ever any scared into Heaven; they go the fairest Way to Heaven, who would serve God without a Hell; other Mercenaries, that crouch unto him in Fear of Hell, though they term themselves the Servants, are indeed but the Slaves of the Almighty.

§ 53. But

§ 53. But to be true, and speak my Soul, when I survey the Occurrences of my Life, and call into Account the Finger of God, I can perceive nothing but an Abyſs and Maſs of Mercies, either in general to Mankind, or in particular to myſelf: And whether out of the Prejudice of my Affection, or an inverting and partial Conceit of his Mercies, I know not; but thoſe which others term Croſſes, Afflictions, Judgments, Misfortunes, to me who inquire farther into them than their viſible Effects, they both appear, and in Event have ever proved the Secret and diſſembled Favours of his Affection. It is a ſingular Piece of Wiſdom to apprehend truly, and without Paſſion, the Works of God; and ſo well to diſtinguiſh his Juſtice from his Mercy, as not to miſcall thoſe noble Attributes: Yet it is likewise an honeſt Piece of Logic, ſo to diſpute and argue the Proceedings of God, as to diſtinguiſh even his Judgments into Mercies. For God is merciful unto All, becauſe better to the worſt, than the beſt deſerves; and to ſay he puniſheth none in this World, though it be a Paradox, is no Abſurdity. To one who hath committed Murther, if the Judge ſhould only ordain a Fine, it were a Madneſs to call this a Punishment, and to repine at the Sentence, rather than admire the Clemency of the Judge. Thus our Offences being mortal, and deſerving not only Death but Damnation; if the Goodneſs of God be content to traVERSE and paſs them over with a Loſs, Misfortune, or Diſeaſe; what Frenzy were it to term this a Punishment, rather than an Extremity of Mercy; and to groan under the Rod of his Judgments, rather than admire the Scepter of his Mercies? Therefore to adore, honour, and admire him, is a Debt of Gratitude due from the Obligation of our Nature, States, and Conditions; and with theſe Thoughts, he that knows them beſt, will not deny that I adore him. That I obtain Heaven, and the Blis thereof, is accidental, and not the intended Work

of my Devotion; it being a Felicity I can neither think to deserve, nor scarce in Modesty to expect. For those two Ends of us all, either as Rewards or Punishments, are mercifully ordained and disproportionably disposed unto our Actions, the one being so far beyond our Deserts, the other so infinitely below our Demerits.

§ 54. There is no Salvation to those who believe not in Christ, that is, say some, since his Nativity, and as Divinity affirmeth, before also; which makes me much apprehend the Ends of those honest Worthies and Philosophers who died before his Incarnation. It is hard to place those Souls in Hell, whose worthy Lives do teach us Virtue on Earth: Methinks amongst those many Subdivisions of Hell, there might have been one Limbo left for these. What a strange Vision will it be to see their Poetical Fictions converted into Verities, and their imagined and fancied Furies, into real Devils*? How strange to them will sound the History of *Adam*, when they shall suffer for him they never heard of? When they who derive their Genealogy from the Gods, shall know they are the unhappy Issue of sinful Man? It is an insolent Part of Reason to controvert the Works of God, or question the Justice of his Proceedings. Could Humility teach others, as it hath instructed me, to contemplate the infinite and incomprehensible Distance betwixt the Creator and the Creature; or did we seriously perpend that one Simile of *St. Paul*, *Shall the Vessel say to the Potter, Why hast thou made me thus?* it would prevent those arrogant Disputes of Reason, nor would we argue the definitive Sentence of God, either to Heaven or Hell. Men that live according to the right Rule and Law of Reason, live but in

* The Pagans as they had their *Rhadamanthus*, who was Judge in Hell, so likewise had they their Furies who were to execute the Sentence pronounced against the Souls condemned, and punish them according to the Crimes they had committed against the Gods.

their own Kind, as Beasts do in theirs; who justly obey the Prescript of their Natures, and therefore cannot reasonably demand a Reward of their Actions, as only obeying the natural Dictates of their Reason. It will therefore, and must at last appear, that all Salvation is through Christ; which Verity I fear these great Examples of Virtue must confirm, and make it good, how the perfectest Actions of Earth have no Title or Claim unto Heaven.

§ 55. Nor truly do I think the Lives of these, or of any other, were ever correspondent, or in all Points conformable unto their Doctrine. It is evident that *Aristotle* transgressed the Rule of his own Ethics. The Stoics that condemn Passion, and command a Man to laugh in *Phalaris's* Bull*, could not endure without a Groan, a Fit of the Stone or Cholic. The *Sceptics* that affirmed they knew nothing, even in that Opinion confute themselves, and thought they knew more than all the World beside. *Diogenes* I hold to be the most vain-glorious Man of his Time, and more ambitious in refusing all Honours, than *Alexander* in rejecting none. Vice and the Devil put a Fallacy upon our Reasons, and provoking us too hastily to run from it, entangle and confound us deeper in it. The Duke of *Venice*, who weds himself unto the Sea by a Ring of Gold, I will not argue of Prodigality, because it is a Solemnity of good Use and Consequence in the State: But the Philosopher who threw his Money into the Sea to avoid Avarice†, was a notorious Prodigal. There is no Road or ready Way to Virtue; it is not an easy Point of Art to disentangle ourselves from this Riddle or Web of Sin: To perfect Virtue, as to Religion, there is required a *Panoplia*,

* *Phalaris* was a Tyrant of *Agrigentum*, who contrived this Bull, and was accustomed to put Men alive into it, that their Cries might resemble the Noise of a Bull. *Plin. lib. 4. chap. 8.* also *Lucian* in his Treatise called *Phalaris*.

† This was *Apollonius Tyaneus*.

or compleat Armour; that whilst we lie at close Ward against one Vice; we lie not open to the Entry of another. And indeed, wiser Discretions that have the Thread of Reason to conduct them, offend without Pardon; whereas, Under-heads may stumble without Dishonour. There go so many Circumstances to piece up one good Action, that it is a Lesson to be good, and we are forced to be virtuous by the Book. Again, the Practice of Men holds not an equal Pace, yea, and often runs counter to their Theory; we naturally know what is Good, but naturally pursue what is Evil: The Rhetoric wherewith I persuade another, cannot persuade myself: There is a depraved Appetite in us, that will, with Patience, hear the learned Instructions of Reason, but yet perform no farther than agrees to its own irregular Humour. In Brief, we are all Monsters, that is, a Composition of Man and Beast; wherein we must endeavour to be as the Poets fancy that wise Man * *Chiron*, who is, to have the Region of Man above that of Beast, and Sense to sit but at the Feet of Reason. Lastly, I do desire with God, that all, but yet affirm with Men, that few shall know Salvation; that the Bridge is narrow, the Passage strait unto Life: Yet those who do confine the Church of God, either to particular Nations, Churches, or Families, have made it far narrower than our Saviour ever meant it.

§ 56. The Vulgarity of those Judgments that wrap the Church of God in *Strabo's* Cloak, and restrain it unto *Europe*, seem to me as bad Geographers as *Alexander*, who thought he had conquered all the World, when he had not subdued one Half of any Part thereof. For we cannot deny the Church of God both in *Asia* and *Africa*, if we do not forget the Peregrinations of the Apostles, the Deaths of the Martyrs, the Sessions of

* Because *Ops*, *Saturn's* Wife, caught him busy with *Philyra*, he changed himself into a Horse; from which Mixture a Monster was produced half Man half Horse. See *Appollodorus*, lib. 1.

many, and, even in our reformed Judgment, lawful Councils, held in those Parts in the Minority and Nonage of ours. Nor must a few Differences, more remarkable in the Eyes of Man than perhaps in the Judgment of God, excommunicate from Heaven one another, much less those Christians who are in a Manner all Martyrs, maintaining their Faith in the noble Way of Persecution, and serving God in the Fire, whereas we honour him in the Sunshine. It is true, we all hold there is a Number of Elect, and many to be saved; yet take our Opinions together, and from the Confusion thereof, there will be no such Thing as Salvation, nor shall any one be saved. For first, the Church of *Rome* condemneth Us, we likewise Them; the Sub-Reformists and Sectaries sentence the Doctrine of our Church as damnable; the Atomist, or Familist, reprobates all these; and all these, them again. Thus, whilst the Mercies of God do promise us Heaven, our Conceits and Opinions exclude us from that Place. There must be therefore more than one St. *Peter*; particular Churches and Sects usurp the Gates of Heaven, and turn the Key * against each other: And thus we go to Heaven against each other's Wills, Conceits, and Opinions; and with as much Uncharity as Ignorance, do err, I fear, in Points not only of our own, but one another's Salvation.

§ 57. † I believe many are saved, who to Man seem reprobated; and many are reprobated, who in the Opinion and Sentence of Man stand elected:

* At an Auction of Books at *Leyden* a certain Gentleman came in, and not knowing what Article they were upon, asked the Question of one who stood by him. Sir, said he, at present they are selling *Flaccus Illyricus's Key to the Holy Scriptures*. He asked him farther, Whether His Key was there who made the Lock? I cannot say that, replied the other. Then, said he, I bid nothing.

† This puts me in Mind of what Christ said when he was asked whether many or few should be saved, *Luke xiii. 23*. His Answer was, *Strive to enter in at the strait Gate: For many, I say unto you, will seek to enter in, and shall not be able.*

There

There will appear at the last Day, strange and unexpected Examples, both of his Justice and Mercy; and therefore to define either, is Folly in Man, and Insolency even in the Devils: Those acute and subtil Spirits in all their Sagacity, can hardly divine who shall be saved; which if they could prognosticate, their Labour were at an End; nor need they compass the Earth seeking whom they may devour. Those who upon a rigid Application of the Law, sentence *Solomon* unto Damnation*, condemn not only him, but themselves, and the whole World; for by the Letter, and written Word of God, we are without Exception in the State of Death; but there is a Prerogative of God, and an arbitrary Pleasure above the Letter of his own Law, by which alone we can pretend unto Salvation, and through which *Solomon* might be as easily saved as those who condemn him.

§ 58. The Number of those who pretend unto Salvation, and those infinite Swarms who think to pass through the Eye of this Needle, have much amazed me. That Name and Compellation of *little Flock*, doth not comfort, but deject my Devotion, especially when I reflect upon mine own Unworthiness, wherein according to my humble Apprehensions, I am below them all. I believe there shall never be an Anarchy in Heaven, but as there are Hierarchies amongst the Angels, so shall there be Degrees of Priority amongst the Saints. Yet it is (I protest) beyond my Ambition to aspire unto the first Ranks; my Desires only are, and I shall be happy therein, to be but the last Man, and bring up the Rear in Heaven.

§ 59. Again, I am confident, and fully persuaded, yet dare not take my Oath, of my Salvation: I am as it were sure, and do believe without all doubt, that there is such a City as *Constantinople*; yet for

* St. *Aug.* upon *Psal.* 126, and in many other Places, holds that *Solomon* is Damned: Of the same Opinion is *Lyra*, in 2 *Reg.* c. 7. & *Bellarum.* 1. *Tom.* lib. 1. *Controv.* c. 5.

me to take my Oath thereon, were a kind of Perjury, because I hold no infallible Warrant from my own Sense to conform me in the Certainty thereof: And truly though many pretend an absolute Certainty of their Salvation, yet when an humble Soul shall contemplate our own Unworthiness, she shall meet with many Doubts, and suddenly find how little we stand in need of the Precept of *St. Paul, Work out your Salvation with fear and trembling.* That which is the Cause of my Election, I hold to be the Cause of my Salvation, which was the Mercy and Bene Placito of God, before I was, or the Foundation of the World. *Before Abraham was, I am,* is the Saying of Christ; yet it is true in some Sense if I say it of myself; for I was not only before myself, but *Adam*, that is, in the Idea of God, and the Decree of that Synod held from all Eternity. And in this Sense, I say, the World was before the Creation, and at an End before it had a Beginning; and thus was I dead before I was alive; though my Grave be *England*, my Dying-place was Paradise; and *Eve* miscarried of me, before she conceived of *Cain*.

§ 60. Insolent Zeals, who decry good Works, and rely upon Faith, take not away Merit: For depending upon the Efficacy of their Faith, they inforce the Condition of God, and in a more sophistical Way do seem to challenge Heaven. It was decreed by God, that only those who lapped in the Water like Dogs, should have the Honour to destroy the *Madianites*; yet could none of those justly challenge, or imagine he deserved that Honour thereupon. I do not deny, but that true Faith, and such as God requires, is not only a Mark or Token, but also a Means of our Salvation; but where to find this, is as obscure to me, as my last End. And if our Saviour could object unto his own Disciples and Favourites, a Faith, that, to the Quantity of a Grain of Mustard-seed, is able to remove Mountains; surely that which we boast of is not any thing, or at the most,

most, but a remove from nothing. This is the Tenour of my Belief; wherein, though there be many Things singular, and to the Humour of my irregular Self; yet if they square not with maturer Judgments I disclaim them, and do no farther favour them than the learned and best Judgments shall authorize them.

§ 61. Now for that other Virtue of *Charity*, without which *Faith* is a meer Notion, and of no Existence, I have ever endeavoured to nourish the merciful Disposition and human Inclination I borrowed from my Parents, and regulate it to the written and prescribed Laws of Charity; and if I hold the true Anatomy of myself, I am delineated and naturally framed to such a Piece of Virtue. For I am of a Constitution so general, that it comforteth and sympathizeth with all Things; I have no Antipathy, or rather Idio-syncrasy, in Diet, Humour, Air, or any Thing: I wonder not at the *French* for their Dishes of Frogs, Snails, and Toad-stools*; nor at the Jews for Locusts and Grass-hoppers; but being amongst them, make them my common Viands; and I find they agree with my Stomach as well as theirs. I could digest a Sallad gathered in a Church-yard, as well as in a Garden. I cannot start at the Presence of a Serpent, Scorpion, Lizard or Salamander: At the Sight of a Toad or Viper, I find in me no Desire to take up a Stone to destroy them. I feel not in myself those common Antipathies that I can discover in others: Those National Repugnances do not touch me, nor do I behold with prejudice the *French*, *Italian*, *Spaniard* and *Dutch*, but where I find their Actions in Ballance with my Countrymen's, I honour, love, and embrace them in some degree. I was born in the Eighth Climate, but seem to be framed and constellated unto All: I am no Plant that will not prosper out of a Garden: All

* *Toad-stools* were a great Delicay among the *Romans*, as appears every where in *Martial*. It was thought the Emperor *Claudius* received his Death by Poison, which he took in a *Mushroom*. *Suet.* and *Tac.*

Places, all Airs make unto me one Country ; I am in *England* every where, and under any Meridian. I have been ship-wracked, yet am not Enemy with the Sea or Winds ; I can study, play, or sleep in a Tempest. In brief, I am averse from nothing ; my Conscience would give me the Lie if I should absolutely detest or hate any Essence but the Devil ; or so at least abhor any thing, but that we might come to composition. If there be any among those common Objects of Hatred I do contemn and laugh at, it is that great Enemy of Reason, Virtue and Religion, the Multitude ; that numerous Piece of Monstrosity, which taken afunder seem Men, and the reasonable Creatures of God ; but confused together, make but one great Beast, and a Monstrosity more prodigious than Hydra * : It is no Breach of Charity to call these Fools ; it is the Style all holy Writers have afforded them, set down by *Solomon* in Canonical Scripture, and a Point of our Faith to believe so. Neither in the Name of Multitude do I only include the base and minor Sort of People ; there is a Rabble even amongst the Gentry, a Sort of Plebeian Heads, whose Fancy moves with the same Wheel as these ; Men in the same Level with Mechanics, though their Fortunes do somewhat gild their Infirmities, and their Purfes compound for their Follies. But as in Casting up Accompts, three or four Men together come short in account of one Man placed by himself below them : So neither are a Troop of these ignorant Doradoes of that true Esteem and Value, as many a forlorn Person, whose Condition doth place them below their Feet. Let us speak like Politicians, there is a Nobility without Heraldry, a natural Dignity, whereby one Man is ranked with another ; another filed before him, ac-

* The Poets feigned that this *Serpent* had several Heads, and that when one was cut off another grew in its Place ; and this is a very monstrous Animal, having so many Heads, so the many different Opinions of the common People are not wrongly compared to it.

cording to the Quality of his Desert, and Preheminence of his good Parts: Though the Corruptions of these Times, and the Byass of present Practice wheel another Way. Thus it was in the first and primitive Common-wealths, and is yet in the Integrity and Cradle of well-ordered Policies, till Corruption getteth Ground, ruder Desires labouring after that which wiser Considerations condemn; every one having a Liberty to amass and heap up Riches, and they a Licence or Faculty to do or purchase any Thing.

§ 62 This general and indifferent Temper of mine, doth more nearly dispose me to this noble Virtue. It is a Happiness to be born and framed unto Virtue, and to grow up from the Seeds of Nature, rather than the Innoculation and force Grafts of Education: Yet if we are directed only by our particular Natures, and regulate our Inclinations by no higher Rule than that of our Reasons, we are but Moralists; Divinity will still call us Heathens. Therefore this great Work of Charity must have other Motives, Ends and Impulsions: I give no Alms, only to satisfy the Hunger of my Brother, but to fulfil and accomplish the Will and Command of my God; I draw not my Purse for his Sake that demands it, but his that enjoyned it; I relieve no Man upon the Rhetoric of his Miseries, nor to content mine own commiserating Disposition: For this is still but moral Charity, and an Act that oweth more to Passion than Reason. He that relieves another upon the bare Suggestion and Bowels of Pity, doth not this so much for his Sake as for his own: For by Compassion we make others Misery our own; and so by relieving them, we relieve ourselves also. It is as erroneous a Conceit to redress other Men's Misfortunes upon the common Considerations of merciful Natures, that it may be one Day our own Case; for this is a sinister and politic Kind of Charity, whereby we seem to bespeak the Pities of Men in the like Occasions: And truly I have observed, that these professed Eleemosinaries,

sinaries, though in a Croud or Multitude, do yet direct and place their Petitions on a few and selected Persons: There is surely a Physiognomy, which those experienced and Master-Mendicants observe; whereby they instantly discover a merciful Aspect, and will single out a Face, wherein they spy the Signatures and Marks of Mercy: For there are mystically in our Faces certain Characters which carry in them the Motto of our Souls, wherein he that can read *A, B, C,* may read our Natures. I hold moreover, that there is a Phytognomy, or Physiognomy, not only of Men, but of Plants and Vegetables; and in every one of them some outward Figures, which hang as Signs or Bushes of their inward Forms. The Finger of God hath left an Inscription upon all his Works, not Graphical, or composed of Letters, but of their several Forms, Constitutions, Parts, and Operations; which aptly joined together do make one Word that doth express their Natures. By these Letters God calls the Stars by their Names; and by this Alphabet *Adam* assigned to every Creature a Name peculiar to its Nature. Now there are besides these Characters in our Faces, certain mystical Figures in our Hands, which I dare not call meer Dashes, Strokes *à la volée*, or at random, because delineated by a Pencil that never works in vain; and hereof I take more particular Notice, because I carry that in mine own Hand, which I could never read of, nor discover in another. *Aristotle*, I confess, in his acute and singular Book of Physiognomy, hath made no mention of Chryomancy; yet I believe the *Ægyptians*, who were nearer addicted to those abstruse and mystical Sciences, had a Knowledge therein; to which those vagabond and counterfeit *Ægyptians* did after pretend, and perhaps retained a few corrupted Principles, which sometimes might verify their Prognostics.

It is the common Wonder of all Men, how among so many Millions of Faces, there should be none alike:

alike: Now contrary, I wonder as much how there should be any. He that shall consider how many thousand several Words have been carelessly and without Study compos'd out of twenty-four Letters; and withal, how many hundred Lines there are to be drawn in the Fabric of one Man; shall easily find that this Variety is necessary: And it will be very hard that they shall so concur, as to make one Portrait like another. Let a Painter carelessly limb out a Million of Faces, and you shall find them all different; yea, let him have his Copy before him, yet after all his Art there will remain a sensible Distinction: For the Pattern or Example of every Thing is the Perfectest in that Kind, whereof we still come short, though we transcend or go beyond it, because herein it is wide, and agrees not in all Points unto the Copy. Nor doth the Similitude of Creatures disparage the Variety of Nature, nor any Way confound the Works of God. For even in Things alike there is Diversity; and those that do seem to accord, do manifestly disagree. And thus is Man like God; for in the same Things that we resemble him, we are utterly different from him. There was never any Thing so like another, as in all Points to concur; there will ever some reserved Difference slip in, to prevent the Identity, without which, two several Things would not be alike, but the same, which is impossible.

§ 63. But to return from Philosophy to Charity: I hold not so narrow a Conceit of this Virtue, as to conceive that to give Alms is only to be Charitable, or think a Piece of Liberality can comprehend the Total of Charity. Divinity hath wisely divided the Acts thereof into many Branches, and hath taught us in this narrow Way many Paths unto Goodness: As many Ways as we may do good, so many Ways we may be charitable: There are Infirmities, not only of Body, but of Soul and Fortune, which do
require

require the merciful Hand of our Abilities. I cannot condemn a Man for Ignorance, but behold him with as much Pity as I do *Lazarus*. It is no greater Charity to cloath his Body, than apparel the Nakedness of his Soul. It is an honourable Object to see the Reasons of other Men wear our Liveries, and their borrowed Understandings do Homage to the Bounty of ours: It is the cheapest Way of Beneficence, and like the natural Charity of the Sun, illuminates another without obscuring itself. To be reserved and caittiff in this Part of Goodness, is the fordideft Piece of Covetousness, and more contemptible than pecuniary Avarice. To this (as calling myself a Scholar) I am obliged by the Duty of my Condition: I make not therefore my Head a Grave, but a Treasure of Knowledge; I intend no Monopoly, but a Community in Learning; I Study not for my own Sake only, but for theirs that Study not for themselves. I envy no Man that knows more than myself, but pity them that know less. I instruct no Man as an Exercise of my Knowledge, or with an Intent rather to nourish and keep it alive in mine own Head, than beget and propagate it in his; and in the Midst of all my Endeavours, there is but one Thought that dejects me, that my acquired Parts must perish with myself, nor can be Legacied among my honoured Friends. I cannot fall out, or condemn a Man for an Error, or conceive why a Difference in Opinion should divide an Affection: For Controversies, Disputes, and Argumentations, both in Philosophy, and in Divinity, if they meet with discreet and peaceable Natures, do not infringe the Laws of Charity: In all Disputes so much as there is of Passion, so much there is of nothing to the Purpose; for then Reason, like a bad Hound, spends upon a false Scent, and forsakes the Question first started. And this is one Reason why Controversies are never determined; for though they be amply proposed, they are scarce at all handled,

they do so swell with unnecessary Digressions; and the Parenthesis on the Party, is often as large as the main Discourse upon the Subject. The Foundations of Religion are already established, and the Principles of Salvation subscribed unto by All; there remains not many Controversies worth a Passion, and yet never any disputed without, not only in Divinity, but inferior Arts: What a Skirmish is betwixt *S.* and *T.* in *Lucian**: How do Grammarians hack and slash for the Genitive Case in *Jupiter*? How do they break their own Pates, to save that of *Priscian*? How would *Democritus* laugh if he was still alive? Yea, even amongst wiser Militants, how many Wounds have been given, and Credits slain, for the poor Victory of an Opinion, or beggarly Conquest of a Distinction? Scholars are Men of Peace, they bear no Arms, but their Tongues are sharper than *Actius*'s Razor; their Pens carry farther, and give a louder Report than Thunder: I had rather stand the Shock of a Basilisco, than the Fury of a merciless Pen. It is not meer Zeal to Learning, or Devotion to the Muses, that wiser Princes Patron the Arts, and carry an indulgent Aspect unto Scholars; but a Desire to have their Names eternized by the Memory of their Writings, † and a Fear of the revengeful Pen of succeeding Ages: For these are the Men, that when they have played their Parts, and had their *Exits*, must step out and give the Moral of their Scenes, and deliver unto Posterity an Inventory of their Virtues and Vices. And surely there goes a great deal of Conscience to the Compiling of an History: There is no Reproach to the Scandal of a Story; it is such

* In his *Dialogue on the Judgment of the Vowels*, where there is a large Oration made to the Vowels, being Judges, by *Sigma* against *Tau*, complaining that *Tau* has deprived him of many Words which should begin with *Sigma*.

† *Actus Nevius* was chief Augur, who, as the Story saith, admonished *Tarquinius Priscus* that he should not undertake any Action of Moment, without first consulting the Augur.

an authentic Kind of Falshood, that with Authority belies our good Names to all Nations and Posterity.

§ 64. There is another Offence unto Charity, which no Author hath ever written of, and few take Notice of; and that is the Reproach, not of whole Professions, Mysteries, and Conditions, but of whole Nations; wherein by opprobrious Epithets we miscall each other, and by an uncharitable Logic, from a Disposition in a few, conclude a Habit in all.

Le mutin *Angloise*, & le bravache *Escossois*;
Le bougre *Italien*, & le fol *Francois*;
Le Poultron *Romain*, le larron de *Gascoigne*,
L'*Espagnol* superbe, & l'*Aleman* yvrongue.

St. Paul who calls the *Cretans* Lyars, doth it but indirectly, and upon Quotation of their own Poet *Epimenides*. It is as bloody a Thought in one Way, as *Nero's* was in another. For by a Word we wound a Thousand, and at one Blow assassine the Honour of a Nation. It is as compleat a Piece of Madnes to miscall and rave against the Times*; or think to recall Men to Reason, by a Fit of Passion: *Democritus*, who thought to laugh the Times into Goodness, seems to me as deeply Hypochondriac, as *Heraclitus* who bewailed them. It moves not my Spleen to behold the Multitude in their proper Humours, that is, in their Fits of Folly and Madnes, as well understanding that Wisdom is not profaned into the World, and it is the Privilege of a few to be virtuous. They that endeavour to abolish Vice†, destroy also Virtue for Contraries, though they destroy

* It is said of *John Calvin*, that you may make a Dictionary of Surnames out of his Works from one End of the Alphabet to the other.

† You must have both in the World, or neither One or the Other. The Clergy addressed Prince *Maurice*, when he was in the Country, desiring that he would banish all Whores out of the Army. The Prince answered them, That he would do with all his Heart if you will teach me how I may keep my Soldiers together afterwards.

one another, are yet in Life Friends of one another. Thus Virtue (abolish Vice) is an Idea: Again, the Community of Sin doth not disparage Goodness; for when Vice gains upon the major Part, Virtue, in whom it remains, becomes more excellent; and being lost in some, multiplies its Goodness in others, which remain untouched, and persist intire in the general Inundation. I can therefore behold Vice without a Satire; content only with an Admonition, or Instructive Reprehension, for noble Natures, and such as are capable of Goodness, are rallied into Vice, that might as easily be admonished into Virtue; and we should be all so far the Orators of Goodness, as to protract her from the Power of Vice, and maintain the Cause of injured Truth. No Man can justly censure or condemn another, because indeed no Man truly knows another. This I perceive in myself; for I am in the Dark to all the World, and my nearest Friends behold me but in a Cloud: Those that know me but superficially, think less of me than I do of myself; those of my near Acquaintance think more: God, who truly knows me, knows that I am nothing; for he only beholds me, and all the World; who looks not on us through a derived Ray, or a Trajection of a sensible Species, but beholds the Substance without the Helps of Accidents, and the Forms of Things, as we their Operations. Farther no Man can judge another, because no Man knows himself; for we censure others but as they disagree from that Humour which we fancy laudable in ourselves, and commend others but for that wherein they seem to quadrate and consent with us. So that in Conclusion, All is but that we All condemn, Self-love. It is the general Complaint of these Times, and perhaps of those past, that Charity grows cold; which I perceive most verified in those which most do manifest the Fires and Flames of Zeal; for it is a Virtue that best agrees with coldest Natures, and such as are complexioned for Humility. But how shall

shall we expect Charity towards others, when we are Uncharitable to ourselves? Charity begins at home, is the Voice of the World; yet is every Man his greatest Enemy, and as it were, his own Executioner. *Thou shalt not kill*, is the Commandment of God, yet scarce observed by any Man; for I perceive every Man is his own *Atropos* *, and lends a Hand to cut the Thread of his own Days. *Cain* was not therefore the first Murtherer, but *Adam*, who brought in Death; whereof he beheld the Practice and Example in his own Son *Abel*, and saw that verified in the Experience of another, which Faith could not persuade him in the Theory of himself.

§ 65. There is, I think, no Man that apprehends his own Miseries less than myself, and no Man that so nearly apprehends another's. I could lose an Arm without a Tear, and with few Groans, methinks, be quartered into Pieces; yet can I weep most seriously at a Play, and receive with true Passion, the counterfeit Grief of those known and professed Impostors. It is a barbarous Part of Inhumanity to add unto any afflicted Party's Misery, or endeavour to multiply in any Man a Passion, whose single Nature is already above his Patience: This was the greatest Affliction of *Job*; and those oblique Expofulations of his Friends, a deeper Injury than the downright Blows of the Devil. It is not the Tears of our own Eyes only, but of our Friends also, that do exhaust the Current of our Sorrows; which falling into many Streams runs more peaceably, and is contented with a narrower Channel. It is an Act within the Power of Charity, to translate a Passion out of one Breast into another, and to divide a Sorrow almost out of itself; for an Affliction, like a Dimension, may be so divided, as if not indivisible, at least to become insensible. Now with my Friend I

* One of the Destinies, who is feigned by the Poets to cut the Thread of Life.

desire not to share or participate, but to engross his Sorrows, that by making them my own, I may the more easily discuss them; for in mine own Reason, and within myself, I can command that, which I cannot intreat without myself, and within the Circle of another. I have often thought those noble Pairs and Examples of Friendships, not so truly Histories of what had been, as Fictions of what should be; but I now perceive nothing in them but Possibilities; nor any thing in the heroic Examples of *Damon* and *Pythias*, *Achilles* and *Patroclus*, which methinks upon some Grounds I could not perform within the Compass of myself. That a Man should lay down his Life for his Friend, seems strange to vulgar Affections, and such as confine themselves within that worldly Principle, Charity begins at home. For my own Part, I could never remember the Relations that I held unto myself, nor the Respect that I owe unto my own Nature, in the Cause of God, my Country, and my Friends. Next to these Three I do embrace myself: I confess I do not observe that Order which the Schools ordain our Affections, to love our Parents, Wives, Children, and then our Friends; for excepting the Injunctions of Religion, I do not find in myself such a necessary and indissoluble Sympathy to all those of my Blood. I hope I do not break the Fifth Commandment, if I conceive I may love my Friend before the nearest of my Blood, even those to whom I owe the Principles of Life: I never yet cast a true Affection on a Woman; but I have loved my Friend as I do Virtue, my Soul, my God. From hence methinks I do conceive how God loves Man, what Happiness there is in the love of God. Omitting all other, there are Three most mystical Unions; Two Natures in One Person; Three Persons in One Nature; One Soul in Two Bodies. For though indeed they be really divided, yet are they so united, as they seem but one, and make rather a Duality than Two distinct Souls.

§ 66. There

§ 66. There are Wonders in true Affection; it is a Body of *Engimas*, Myſteries and Riddles; wherein Two ſo become One, as they Both become Two: I love my Friend before myſelf, and yet methinks I do not love him enough: Some few Months hence, my multiplied Affection will make me believe I have not loved him at all: When I am from him, I am dead till I be with him; when I am with him I am not ſatiſfied, but would ſtill be nearer him. United Souls are not ſatiſfied with Embraces, but deſire to be truly each other; which being impoſſible, their Deſires are infinite, and proceed without a Poſſibility of Satisfaction. Another Miſery there is in Affection, that whom we truly love like our own, we forget their Looks, nor can our Memory retain the Idea of their Faces; and it is no Wonder: For they are ourſelves, and our Affection makes their Looks our own. This noble Affection falls not on vulgar and common Conſtitutions, but on ſuch as are marked for Virtue: He that can love his Friend with this noble Ardour, will in a competent Degree effect all. Now if we can bring our Affections to look beyond the Body, and caſt an Eye upon the Soul, we have found out the true Object, not only of Friendſhip, but Charity; and the greateſt Happineſs that we can bequeath the Soul, is that, wherein we all do place our laſt Felicity, Salvation; which though it be not in our Power to beſtow, it is in our Charity, and pious Invocations to deſire, if not procure and further. I cannot contentedly frame a Prayer for myſelf in particular, without a Catalogue for my Friends; nor request a Happineſs wherein my ſociable Diſpoſition doth not deſire the Fellowſhip of my Neighbour. I never hear the Toll of a Paſſing-Bell, though in my Mirth, without my Prayers and beſt Wiſhes for the departing Spirit: I cannot go to cure the Body of my Patient, but I forget my Profeſſion, and call unto God for his Soul: I cannot hear one ſay

his Prayers, but instead of imitating him, I fall into a Supplication for him, who perhaps is no more to me than a common Nature: And if God hath vouchsafed an Ear to my Supplications, there are surely many happy that never saw me, and enjoy the Blessing of mine unknown Devotions. To pray for Enemies, that is, for their Salvation, is no harsh Precept, but the Practice of our daily and ordinary Devotions. I cannot believe the Story of the *Italian**: Our bad Wishes and uncharitable Desires proceed no farther than this Life; it is the Devil, and the uncharitable Votes of Hell, that desire our Misery in the World to come.

§ 67. To do no Injury, nor take none, was a Principle, which to my former Years, and impatient Affections, seemed to contain enough of Morality; but my more settled Years, and Christian Constitution, have fallen upon severer Resolutions. I can hold there is no such Thing as Injury; that if there be, there is no such Injury as Revenge, and no such Revenge as the Contempt of an Injury; that to hate another, is to malign himself; that the truest Way to love another, is to despise ourselves. I were unjust unto mine own Conscience, if I should say I am at Variance with any Thing like myself. I find there are many Pieces in this one Fabric of Man; this Frame is raised upon a Mass of Antipathies; I am one methinks, but as the World; wherein notwithstanding there are a Swarm of distinct Essences, and in them another World of Contrarieties, we carry Private and Domestick Enemies within, Publick and more hostile Adversaries without. The Devil that did but buffet *St. Paul*, (2 *Cor.* xii. 7.) plays methinks at sharps with me. Let me be nothing, if within the

* It is reported that a certain *Italian* having met with one that had highly provoked him, put a Poinyard to his Breast, and unless he would blaspheme God, told him he would kill him; which the other doing to save his Life, the *Italian* presently killed him, to the Intent he might be damned, having no Time of Repentance.

Compass of myself, I do not fight the Battle of *Le-panto*, Passion against Reason, Reason against Faith, Faith against the Devil, and my Conscience against All. There is another Man within me, that is angry with me, rebukes, commands, and daunts me. I have no Conscience of Marble, to resist the Hammer of more heavy Offences; nor yet so soft and waxen, as to take the Impression of each single Peccadillo or Scape of Infirmary: I am of a strange Belief, that it is as easy to be forgiven some Sins, as to commit some other. For my Original Sin, I hold it to be washed away in my Baptism; for my actual Transgressions, I compute and reckon with God but from my last Repentance, Sacrament, or general Absolution; and therefore am not terrified with the Sins or Madness of my Youth. I thank the Goodness of God, I have no Sins that want a Name, I am not singular in Offences; my Transgressions are Epidemical, and from the common Breath of our Corruption. For there are certain Tempers of Body, which matched with an humorous Depravity of Mind, do hatch and produce Vitiösities, whose Newness and Monstrosity of Nature admits no Name; this was the Temper of that Lecher who carnalled with a Statue, and Constitution of *Nero* in his Spintrian Recreations. For the Heavens are not only fruitful in New and unheard-of Stars, the Earth in Plants and Animals; but Men's Minds also in Villany and Vices: Now the Dulness of my Reason, and the Vulgarly of my Disposition, never prompted my Invention, nor solicited my Affections unto any of those; yet even those common and quotidian Infirmities that so necessarily attend me, and do seem to be my very Nature, have so dejected me, so broken the Estimation that I should have otherwise of myself, that I repute myself the most abject Piece of Mortality. Divines prescribe a Fit of Sorrow to Repentance; there goes Indignation, Anger, Sorrow, Hatred into mine;
Passions

Passions of a contrary Nature, which neither seem to suit with this Action, nor my proper Constitution. It is no Breach of Charity to ourselves, to be at Variance with our Vices; nor to abhor that Part of us, which is an Enemy to the Ground of Charity, our God; wherein we do but imitate our great Selves the World, whose divided Antipathies, and contrary Faces, do yet carry a charitable Regard to the Whole by their particular Discords, preserving the common Harmony, and keeping in Fetters those Powers whose Rebellions, once Masters, might be the Ruin of all.

§ 68. I thank God, amongst those Millions of Vices I do inherit, and hold from *Adam*, I have escaped one, and that a mortal Enemy to Charity, the first and Father-sin, not only of Man, but of the Devil, Pride; a Vice whose Name is comprehended in a Monosyllable, but in its Nature not circumscribed with a World. I have escaped it in a Condition that can hardly avoid it. Those petty Acquisitions and reputed Perfections that advance and elevate the Conceits of other Men, add no Feathers unto mine. I have seen a Grammarian Tour and Plume himself over a single Line in *Horace*, and shew more Pride in the Construction of one Ode, than the Author in the Composure of the whole Book. For my own Part, besides the *Jargon* and *Patois* of several Provinces, I understand no less than six Languages; yet I protest I have no higher Conceit of myself, than had our Fathers before the Confusion of *Babel*, when there was but one Language in the World, and none to boast himself either Linguist or Critic. I have not only seen several Countries, beheld the Nature of their Climes, the Chorography of their Provinces, Topography of their Cities, but understood their several Laws, Customs and Policies; yet cannot all this persuade the Dulness of my Spirit unto such an Opinion of myself, as I behold in nimbler and conceited Heads, that never looked a Degree beyond their Nests. I know the Names, and
some.

somewhat more, of all the Constellations in my Horizon; yet I have seen a prating Mariner, that could only name the Pointers and the North-Star, out-talk me, and conceit himself a whole Sphere above me. I know most of the Plants of my Country, and of those about me; yet methinks I do not know so many as when I did but know a Hundred, and had scarcely ever Simplified farther than *Cheapside*. For, indeed, Heads of Capacity, and such as are not full with a handful, or easy Measure of Knowledge, think they know nothing, till they know all; which being impossible, they fall in, with the Opinion of *Socrates*, and only know, they know not any Thing. I cannot think that *Homer* pined away upon the Riddle of the Fisherman, or that *Aristotle*, who understood the Uncertainty of Knowledge, and confessed so often the Reason of Man too weak for the Works of Nature, did ever drown himself upon the Flux and Reflux of *Euripus*. We do but learn To-day, what our better advanced Judgments will unteach To-morrow: And *Aristotle* doth not instruct us as *Plato* did him, that is, to confute himself. I have run through all Sorts, yet find no Rest in any: Though our first Studies and junior Endeavours may stile us Peripatetics, Stoics, or Academics, yet I perceive the wisest Heads prove at last, almost all Sceptics, and stand like *Janus* in the Field of Knowledge*. I have therefore one common and authentic Philosophy I learned in the Schools, whereby I discourse and satisfy the Reason of other Men; another more reserved, and drawn from Experience, whereby I content mine own. *Solomon*, that complained of Ignorance in the Height of Knowledge, had not only humbled my Conceits, but discouraged my Endeavours. There is yet another Con-

* This is that *Janus* who had Two Faces, One before, and Another behind; to whom the Learned are not improperly compared; for when they have studied long, they seem to look sometimes one Way, and sometimes another, not knowing where to find the Truth.

ceit that hath sometimes made me shut my Books, which tells me, it is a Vanity to waste our Days in the blind Pursuit of Knowledge; it is but attending a little longer, and we shall enjoy that by Instinct and Infusion, which we endeavour at here, by Labour and Inquisition. It is better to sit down in a modest Ignorance; and rest contented with the natural Blessing of our own Reasons, than buy the uncertain Knowledge of this Life, with Sweat and Vexation, which Death gives every Fool *Gratis*, and is an Accessary of our Glorification.

§ 69. I was never yet Married Once, and commend their Resolutions who never Marry Twice: Not that I disallow of Second Marriage; as neither in all Cases of Polygamy, which considering sometimes, and the unequal Number of both Sexes, may be also necessary. The Whole World was made for Man, but the Twelfth Part of Man for Woman: Man is the whole World, and the Breath of God; Woman the Rib and crooked Piece of Man. I could be content that we might Procreate like Trees, without Conjunction, or that there were any Way to perpetuate the World without this trivial and vulgar Way of Coition; it is the foolishhest Act a wise Man commits in all his Life, nor is there any Thing that will more deject his cooled Imagination, when he shall consider what an odd and unworthy Piece of Folly he hath committed. I speak not in Prejudice, nor am averse to that sweet Sex, but naturally Amorous of all that is Beautiful; I can look a whole Day with Delight upon a handsome Picture, though it be but of an Horse. It is my Temper, and I like it the better, to affect all Harmony; and sure there is Music even in the Beauty, and the Silent Note which *Cupid* strikes, far sweeter than the Sound of an Instrument. For there is Music wherever there is an Harmony, Order, or Proportion; and thus far we may maintain the Music of the Spheres:

Spheres*: For those well ordered Motions and regular Paces, though they give no Sound unto the Ear, yet to the Understanding they strike a Note most full of Harmony. Whosoever is Harmonically composed, delights in Harmony; which makes me much distrust the Symmetry of those Heads who declaim against all Church-Music. For myself, not only from my Obedience, but my particular Genius, I do embrace it: For even that vulgar and Tavern-Music, which makes one Man merry, another mad, strikes in me a deep Fit of Devotion, and a profound Contemplation of the first Composer. There is something in it of Divinity, more than the Ear discovers: It is an Hieroglyphical and shadowed Lesson of the whole World, and Creatures of God; such a Melody to the Ear, as the whole World well understood, would afford the Understanding. In brief, it is a sensible Fit of that Harmony, which intellectually sounds in the Ears of God. I will not say with *Plato*, the Soul is an Harmony, but Harmonical, and hath its nearest Sympathy unto Musick. Thus some, whose Temper of Body agrees, and humours the Constitution of their Souls, are born Poets, though indeed all are naturally inclined unto Rhyme. This made *Tacitus* in the very first Line of his Story, fall upon a Verse†; and *Cicero*, the worst of Poets, but Declaiming for a Poet‡, falls in the very first Sentence upon a perfect Hexameter**. I feel not in me those sordid and Unchristian Desires of my Profession; I do not secretly implore and wish for Plagues, rejoice at Famines, revolve Ephemerides and Almanacks in Expectation of Malignant Aspects,

* Most of the Followers of *Plato* have been of this Opinion, and so was *Plato* Himself. *Orpheus* and *Pythagoras* also imagined the Sun, abating the Motion of the Stars, causes a very agreeable Harmony, for which *Dorylaus* called it the Organ of God.

† Kings first Governed *Rome*.

‡ Pro Archia Poeta.

** In qua me non inficior mediocriter esse.

fatal Conjunctions and Eclipses: I rejoyce not at unwholesom Springs, nor unseasonable Winters; my Prayer goes with the Husbandman's; I desire every Thing in its proper Season, that neither Men nor the Times be put out of Temper. Let me be sick myself, if sometimes the Malady of my Patient be not a Disease unto me; I desire rather to cure his Infirmities than my own Necessities: Where I do him no good, methinks it is scarce honest Gain; though I confesse it is but the worthy Salary of our well-intended Endeavours. I am not ashamed, but heartily sorry, that besides Death, there are Diseases Incurable; yet not for my own Sake, or that they be beyond my Art, but for the general Cause and Sake of Humanity, whose common Cause I apprehend as mine own. And to speak more generally, those Three noble Professions which all civil Commonwealths do honour, are raised upon the Fall of *Adam*, and are not exempt from their Infirmities; there are not only Diseases Incurable in Physic, but Cases Indissolvable in Laws, Vices Incorrigible in Divinity; if general Councils may err, I do not see why particular Courts should be Infallible; their perfectest Rules are raised upon the erroneous Reasons of Man; and the Laws of One, do but condemn the Rules of Another; as *Aristotle* oft-times the Opinion of his Predecessors, because though agreeable to Reason, yet were not consonant to his own Rules, and Logic of his proper Principles. Again, to speak nothing of the Sin against the Holy Ghost, whose Cure, not only whose Nature is unknown. I can cure the Gout or Stone in Some, sooner than Divinity Pride or Avarice in Others. I can cure Vices by Physic, when they remain Incurable by Divinity; and shall obey my Pills, when they condemn their Precepts. I boast nothing, but plainly say, we all labour against our own Cure; for Death is the Cure of all Diseases. There is no Catholicon or universal Remedy I know but This, which though
nauseous

nauseous to queasy Stomachs, yet to prepared Appetites is Nectar, and a pleasant Potion of Immortality.

§ 70. For my Conversation, it is like the Sun's, with all Men, and with a friendly Aspect to good and bad. Methinks there is no Man bad, and the worst, best ; that is, while they are kept within the Circle of those Qualities wherein they are Good. There is no Man's Mind of so discordant and jarring a Temper, to which a tunable Disposition may not strike a Harmony. *Great Virtues, and Great Vices* ; it is the Poësie of the best Natures, and may be inverted on the worst ; there are in the most depraved and venomous Dispositions, certain Pieces that remain untouched, which by an *Antiperistasis* become more excellent, or by the Excellency of their Antipathies are able to preserve themselves from the Contagion of their Enemy Vices, and persist intire beyond the general Corruption. For it is also thus in Nature the greatest Balsoms do lie enveloped in the Bodies, of most powerful Corrosives ; I say moreover, and I ground upon Experience, that Poisons contain within themselves their own Antidote, and that which preserves them from the Venom of themselves, without which they were not Deleterious to Others only, but to Themselves also. But it is the Corruption that I fear Within me, not the Contagion of Commerce Without me. It is that unruly Regiment within me, that will destroy me ; it is, that I do infect myself, the Man without a Navel yet lives in me ; I feel that original Canker corrode and devour me ; and therefore *Lord deliver me from myself*, is a Part of my Litany, and the first Voice of my retired Imaginations. There is no Man Alone, because every Man is a *Microcosm*, and carries the whole World about him ; *Never less Alone than when Alone* ; though it be the Apothegm of a wise Man, is yet true in the Mouth of a Fool ; indeed, though in a Wilderness, a Man is never alone, not only because he is with himself, and his

own

own Thoughts, but because he is with the Devil, who ever Conforts with our Solitude, and is that unruly Rebel that musters up those disordered Motions which accompany our sequestred Imaginations. And to speak more narrowly, there is no such Thing as Solitude, nor any Thing that can be said to be Alone, and by itself, but God, who is his own Circle, and can subsist by himself; all others, besides their dissimilary and heterogeneous Parts, which in a Manner multiply their Natures, cannot subsist without the Concourse of God, and the Society of that Hand which doth uphold their Natures. In Brief, there can be nothing truly Alone, and by it self, which is not truly one; and such is only God: All others do transcend an Unity, and so by Consequence are many.

§ 71. Now for My Life, it is a Miracle of Thirty Years, which to relate were not an History, but a Piece of Poetry, and would sound, to common Ears, like a Fable; for the World I count it not an Inn, but an Hospital; and a Place not to Live, but to Die in. The World that I regard is of myself; it is the Microcosm of my own Frame that I cast mine Eye on; for the other, I use it but like my Globe, and turn it round sometimes for my Recreation. Men that look upon my Outside, perusing only my Condition and Fortunes, do err in my Altitude, for I am above *Atlas's* * Shoulders. The Earth is a Point not only in respect of the Heavens above us, but of that Heavenly and Celestial Part within us: That Mass of Flesh that circumscribes me, limits not my Mind: That Surface that tells the Heavens it hath an End, cannot persuade me I have any: I take my Circle to be above Three Hundred and Sixty; though the Number of the Ark do measure my Body, it comprehendeth not my Mind: Whilst I study to find how I am a *Microcosm*, or Little World, I find myself something more than

* The Mountain *Atlas* is in *Pbrygia*, which *Herodotus* says is so High, that the Top of it is not to be seen either in Winter or Summer.
the

the Great. There is surely a Piece of Divinity in us, something that was before the Elements, and owes no Homage unto the Sun. Nature tells me I am the Image of God, as well as Scripture: He that understands not thus much, hath not his Introduction or first Lesson, and is yet to begin the Alphabet of Man. Let me not injure the Felicity of others, if I say I am as happy as any; *If the Heavens fall, let thy Will be done*, salvethe all; so that whatsoever happens, it is but what our daily Prayers desire. In Brief, I am content, and what shall Providence add more? Surely this is what we call Happiness, and this do I enjoy; with this I am happy in a Dream, and as content to enjoy a Happiness in a Fancy, as others in a more apparent Truth and Reality. There is surely a nearer Apprehension of any thing that delights us in our Dreams, than in our waked Senses; without this I were unhappy: For my awaked Judgment discontents me, ever whispering unto me, that I am from my Friend; but my friendly Dreams at Night requite me, and make me think I am within his Arms. I thank God for my happy Dreams, as I do for my good Rest; for there is a Satisfaction unto reasonable Desires, and such as can be content with a Fit of Happiness. And surely it is not a melancholy Conceit to think we are all asleep in this World, and that the Conceits of this Life are as meer Dreams to those of the next, as the Fantasms of the Night, to the Conceits of the Day. There is an equal Delusion in both, and the one doth but seem to be the Emblem or Picture of the other; we are somewhat more than ourselves in our Sleep, and the Slumber of the Body seems to be but the waking of the Soul. It is the ligation of Sense, but the liberty of Reason, and our waking Conceptions do not match the Fancy of our Sleep. At my Nativity, my Ascendant was the watery Sign of *Scorpio*; I was born in the Planetary Hour of *Saturn*, and I think I have a Piece of that

Leaden-Planet in me. I am no way Facetious, nor disposed for the Mirth and Galliardize of Company; yet in one Dream I can compose a whole Comedy, behold the Action, apprehend the Jest, and laugh myself awake at the Conceits thereof: Were my Memory as faithful as my Reason is then fruitful, I would never Study but in my Dreams; and this Time also would I chuse for my Devotions: Our grosser Memories have then so little hold of our abstracted Understandings, that they forget the Story, and can only relate to our awakened Souls, a confused and broken Tale of that which hath passed. *Aristotle*, who hath written a singular Tract of Sleep, hath not methinks thoroughly defined it; nor yet *Galen*, though he seems to have corrected it: For these Night-walkers, though in their Sleep, do yet enjoy the Action of their Senses: We must therefore say that there is something in us that is not in the Jurisdiction of *Morpheus**; and that those abstracted and ecstatic Souls who do walk about in their own Corps, as Spirits with the Bodies they assume; wherein they seem to hear and feel, though indeed the Organs are destitute of Sense, and their Natures of those Faculties that should inform them. Thus it is observed, that Men sometimes upon the Hour of their Departure, do speak and reason above themselves: For then the Soul beginning to be freed from the Ligaments of the Body begins to reason like herself, and to discourse in a Strain above Mortality.

§ 72. We term Sleep a Death, and yet it is Waking that kills us, and destroys those Spirits that are the House of Life. It is indeed a Part of Life that best expresseth Death; for every Man truly lives, so long as he acts his Nature, or some Way makes good the

* *Morpheus* is feigned by the Poets to be the Son and one of the Servants of *Somnus*, who brought Sleep to the Eyes of Mankind; but our Author uses *Morpheus* here for Sleep itself.

Faculties of himself: *Themistocles* therefore that slew his Soldier in his Sleep, was a merciful Executioner; it is a kind of Punishment the Mildness of no Laws hath inventèd; I wonder the Fancy of *Lucan* and *Seneca* did not discover it. It is that Death by which we may be literally said to die daily; a Death which *Adam* died before his Mortality; a Death whereby we live a middle and moderating Point between Life and Death; in fine, so like Death, I dare not trust it without my Prayers, and an half Adieu unto the World, and take my Farewel in a Colloquy with God.

The Night is come, like to the Day;
Depart not thou great God away.
Let not my Sins, black as the Night,
Eclipse the Lustre of thy Light.
In my Horizon keep; for unto me
The Sun makes not the Day but Thee.
Thou whose Nature cannot sleep,
On my Temples Centry keep;
Guard me against those watchful Foes,
Whose Eyes are open while mine cloie.
Let no wild Dreams my Head infest,
But such as *Jacob's* Temples blest.
While I do rest, my Soul advance,
Make Thou my Sleep a holy Trance.
That so I may, my Rest be'ng wrought,
Awake into some holy Thought;
And with as active Vigour run
My Course, as doth the nimble Sun.
Sleep is a Death; O make me try,
By Sleeping what it is to Die:
And last as gently lay my Head
Upon my Grave, as now my Bed.
Howe'er I rest, great God let me
Awake again at least with Thee.
And thus assur'd, behold I lie
Securely; or, to Wake, or Die.
These are my drousy Days in vain
Do I now wake to sleep again:
O come that Hour, when I shall never
Sleep again, but Wake for ever.

This is the Dormitive I take to bedward ; I need no other *Laudanum* than this to make me sleep ; after which I close mine Eyes in Security, content to take my Leave of the Sun, and sleep unto the Resurrection.

§ 73. The Method I should use in Distributive Justice, I often observe in Commutative ; and keep a geometrical Proportion in both ; whereby becoming equable to others, I become just unto myself, and supererogate in that common Principle, *Do unto others as thou wouldst be done unto thyself*. I was not born unto Riches, neither is it I think my Star to be wealthy ; or if it were, the Freedom of my Mind, and Frankness of my Disposition, were able to contradict and cross my Fates. For to me Avarice seems not so much a Vice, as a deplorable Piece of Madness ; to conceive ourselves Urinals, or be persuaded that we are dead, is not so ridiculous, nor so many Degrees beyond the Power of *Hellebore*, as this. The Opinion, or Theory, and Positions of Men, are not so void of Reason, as their practised Conclusions : Some have held that Snow is Black, that the Earth moves, that the Soul is Air, Fire, Water ; but all this is Philosophy, and there is no *Delirium*, if we do but speculate the Folly and indisputable Dotage of Avarice, to that subterraneous Idol, and God of the Earth. I do confess I am an Atheist ; I cannot persuade myself to honour That the World adores ; whatsoever Virtue its prepared Substance may have within my Body, it hath no Influence nor Operation without : I would not entertain a Base Design, or an Action that should call me Villain, for the *Indies* ; and for this only do I love and honour mine own Soul, and have methinks two Arms too few to embrace myself. *Aristotle* is too severe, that will not allow us to be truly liberal without Wealth, and the bountiful Hand of Fortune ; if this be true, I must confess I am charitable only in my liberal Intentions, and bountiful

Well-

Well-wishes. But if the Example of the Mite be not only an Act of Wonder, but an Example of the noblest Charity, surely poor Men may also build Hospitals, and the Rich alone have not erected Cathedrals. I have a private Method which others observe not; I take the Opportunity of myself to do good; I borrow Occasion of Charity from mine own Necessities, and supply the Wants of others, when I am in most Need myself; for it is an honest Stratagem to make Advantage of ourselves, and so to husband the Acts of Virtue, that where they were defective in one Circumstance, they may repay their Want, and multiply their Goodness in another. I have not *Peru* in my Desires, but a Competency, and Ability to perform those good Works, to which he hath inclined my Nature. He is rich, who hath enough to be charitable; and it is hard to be so poor, that a noble Mind may not find a Way to this Piece of Goodness. *He that giveth to the Poor, lendeth to the Lord*; there is more Rhetoric in that one Sentence, than in a Library of Sermons; and indeed if those Sentences were understood by the Reader, with the same Emphasis as they are delivered by the Author, we needed not those Volumes of Instructions, but might be honest by an Epitome. Upon this Motive only I cannot behold a Beggar without relieving his Necessities with my Purse, or his Soul with my Prayers; these scenical and accidental Differences between us, cannot make me forget that common and untouched Part of us both; there is under these Cantons and miserable Outfides, those Mutilate and Semi-bodies, a Soul of the same Alloy with our own, whose Genealogy is God's as well as Ours, and is in as fair a Way to Salvation as ourselves. Statists that labour to contrive a Common-wealth without our Poverty, take away the Object of Charity, not understanding only the Common-wealth of a Christian, but forgetting the Prophecy of Christ.

§ 74. Now there is another Part of Charity, which is the Basis and Pillar of this, and that is the Love of God, for whom we love our Neighbour; for this is I think Charity, to Love God for himself, and our Neighbour for God. All that is truly amiable is God, or as it were a divided Piece of him, that retains a Reflex or Shadow of himself. Nor is it strange that we should place Affection on that which is invisible; all that we truly love is thus; what we adore under Affection of our Senses, deserves not the Honour of so pure a Title. Thus we adore Virtue, though to the Eyes of Sense she be invisible: Thus that Part of our noble Friends that we love, is not that Part that we embrace, but that insensible Part which our Arms cannot embrace: God being all Goodness can love nothing but himself, and the Traddition of his Holy Spirit. Let us call to assize the Loves of our Parents, the Affection of our Wives and Children, and they are all dumb Shows and Dreams, without Reality, Truth, or Constancy: For first, there is a strong Bond of Affection between us and our Parents; yet how easily dissolved? We betake ourselves to a Woman, forget our Mother in a Wife, and the Womb that bare us, in that which shall bear our Image: This Woman blessing us with Children, our Affection leaves the Level it held before, and sinks from our Bed unto our Issue and Picture of Posterity, where Affection holds no steady Mansion. They growing up in Years, desire our Ends; or applying themselves to a Woman, take a lawful Way to love Another better than Ourselves. Thus I perceive a Man may be buried alive, and behold his Grave in his own Issue.

§ 75. I conclude therefore and say, there is no Happiness under, (or as *Copernicus* will have it, above) the Sun, or any Crambo in that repeated Verity and Burthen of all the Wisdom of *Solomon*, *All is Vanity and Vexation of Spirit*. There is no Felicity in That the World adores: *Aristotle* whilst he labours to re-
fute

pute the Ideas of *Plato*, falls upon One himself: For his *summum bonum*, is a *Cbimera*, and there is no such Thing as his Felicity. That wherein God himself is happy, the holy Angels are happy, in whose Defect the Devils are unhappy; that dare I call Happiness: Whatsoever conduceth unto this, may with an easy Metaphor deserve that Name; whatsoever else the World terms Happiness is to me a Story out of *Pliny*, a Tale of *Boccace* or *Malispini*; an Apparition or neat Delusion, wherein there is no more of Happiness, than the Name.

Bless me in this Life with but Peace of my Conscience, Command of my Affections, the Love of myself, and my dearest Friends, and I shall be happy enough to pity *Cæsar*. These are, O Lord, the humble Desires of my most reasonable Ambition, and all I dare call Happiness on Earth; wherein I set no Rule or Limit to thy Hand of Providence. Dispose of me according to the Wisdom of thy Pleasure; *Thy will be done*, though in *my own undoing*.

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